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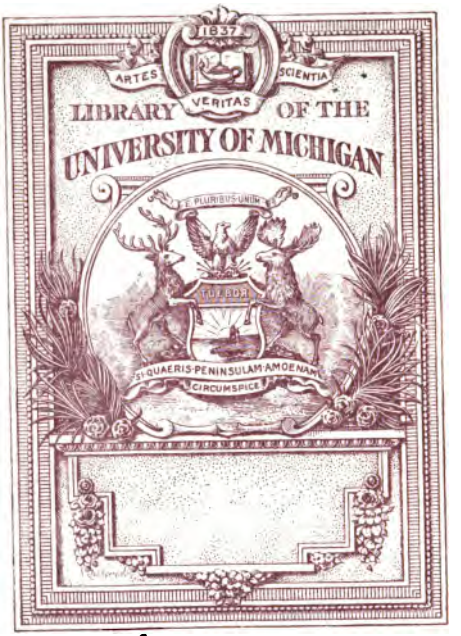
TWENTY YEARS IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

FRED W. ALLSOPP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Twenty Years in a Newspaper Office

BY
FRED W. ALLSOPP

Consisting Principally of Random Sketches of Things Seen, Heard and Experienced on the "Arkansas Gazette."

ILLUSTRATED.

1907
CENTRAL PRINTING COMPANY
Little Rock, Arkansas

Not Copyrighted—in the year 1907.

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167744

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

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PREFACE

WHILE not supposing that there existed any pressing necessity for doing so, without assuming really that any particular object, good, bad, or indifferent, could be accomplished thereby, with perhaps no other purpose than to gratify a foolish fancy, and caring very little whether I should find few or many readers outside of relatives and friends, I obtained the unanimous consent of my own mind to write some random recollections of the commonplace experiences of the twenty years of my humble life which have been spent in a newspaper office.

While these experiences have been uneventful, a recital of any part of the most ordinary existence may furnish food for reflection, and, as every life is naturally a different story from all others in some respect, if any human experience is properly presented it may not prove entirely uninteresting.

In this narrative which I propose to inflict on the unsuspecting and long-suffering reading public, if I am able to find a publisher sufficiently enterprising and appreciative to undertake the job of thus enlightening the world, it will be observed that I have not hesitated to digress whenever I felt like soliloquizing or moralizing; that I have not exercised a strict regard for the sequence of the events recorded, and, as I do not pretend to have followed any set plan, my pencil

having been allowed to glide at will, like the river, the result is a sort of *mélange* or hodgepodge of things seen, heard, experienced, or imagined, interwoven with which are a few rough sketches of people connected with the incidents related.

Where I felt that I could not afford to tell the truth on myself I have endeavored to be reminiscent about the other fellow.

I have amused myself by occasionally substituting rhyme for reason, and I hope that the good Lord will help those who are innocently led into reading these effusions, through curiosity or otherwise, to find it in their hearts to afterwards kindly forgive the enormity of my indiscretions in that line.

If no other purpose is served, the writing of these pages has been a pleasant diversion to me.

Little Rock, Arkansas, October, 1906.

TO MRS. F. W. A.

Were I well favored by the Muse
  With true poetic fire,
I'd weave for thee a garland rare
  Which all would much admire.

I'd write a tribute shining bright
  With gems, as stars above,
Each line attesting in sweet song
  Affection for my love.

Stern Fate has not in store for me
  Such happiness serene,
So I inscribe this journal mine
  To thee, My Heart's Fair Queen.

F. W. A.

Twenty Years in a Newspaper Office

Twenty Years in a Newspaper Office

CHAPTER I.

To the "Old Lady."*

MY dearest "Old Lady"—Gazette,
'T is twenty years since first we met;
For more than half this life of mine
I 've been as constant at thy shrine
As could a zealous Christian soul
Well serve to reach the heavenly goal,
Or as true lover e'er has been
The hand of his adored to win.

Though many years have passed since then,
I still remember plainly, when
I was a simple little lad,
The great effect thy comments had
In shaping my opinions wise,
And opening to truth my eyes.

* The Arkansas Gazette, of Little Rock, Arkansas, which is now (1906) in its eighty-seventh year of publication, has been known for many years—especially to the country press—as the "Old Lady" of Arkansas newspaperdom.

When tired of youthful pleasures gay,
Or from hard work had turned away,
Thou, daily friend, each morning bright,
Were my especial great delight.
In that bright heyday of my youth,
When all things rosy were, forsooth,
I thought thou wert a Venus fair
Among newspaper stars so rare.

I marveled at thy wisdom great
To grapple with affairs of State,
And was well pleased, I 'm sure, to find
Thy wondrous influence o'er mankind.
Thy faculty to impart news—
The patness of thy express'd views—
Made such impression on my heart
As can 't be effaced by time or art.
To me thou wert a star on high,
Outshining all that dared to vie.

And then I thought it reasonable,
If not quite indisputable,
That th' editors whose names did swell
The list of those who served so well
This queen of Arkansas' good press,
Entitled were to praise, with stress;

For nobler knights ne'er wielded pen
Than these same brave newspaper men,
Who more did do the world to mold
Than kings of old, with swords so bold.

'T is true I'd heard thee censured much
For being cold, and such-and-such;
I 'd heard thee called an olden hag,
Who far behind the times did lag.
Some poked much fun at thine old age,
And war at thy staid ways did wage.
They said thy "dress" was soiled with ink,
And that thou couldst no lower sink;
Declared thou'd stoop to any sin
A little lucre for to win.
But always, it appeared to me,
Thou never seemed so mean to be.
I found thee sweet as purest maid,
And hoped thy charms would never fade.

I believed thus then, and do so now,
Although some folks may wonder how.
None canst persist with my consent
In giving their base natures vent
When they'd besmirch thy goodly name
Or try to dim thy dazzling fame.
Those who'd do these know not thy worth,
Or they would bow their heads to earth.

I owe thee much, 't is meet to state,
For thy great influence o'er my fate.
Thou'st been to me such guide and friend
As one might pray to God to send;
Thou help'd teach me to read and write;
Of business gave me a broad insight;
Thou introduc'd me to the world,
The sails of my frail bark unfurled,
And gave'st me that confidence
Which means to man a competence.

STARTING OUT IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS.

I have now served more than twenty years continuously in the office of the daily Arkansas Gazette, of Little Rock, Arkansas. This is a long time when one tries to look ahead that far, but the years have passed so quickly to me that it seems but yesterday that I stepped into the office the first time.

Sometimes when Trouble o'er me weighed,
I fain would run away;
Sometimes when vain Ambition swayed
I wavered for a day;
Sometimes ill health made me afraid
And caused me dire dismay;
But yet I stayed, and stayed, and stayed,
And why, I cannot say—
Unless 't were for the coin I made
For daily bread to pay.

My name has not been off the publishers' pay roll for a single day during all the score of years mentioned—indeed, that is a point which I have taken particular pains to guard against, and I can truthfully say that I have drawn my salary with great and scrupulous regularity, even though for years it was not large enough in amount to be of very great

moment, and although at times the publishing company was poorly able to pay salaries. But I was always desirous of evidencing a proper and methodical regard for detail and duty.

I have seen this well-known journal grow greatly in size, in character, in prestige, and in the volume of its business. I have lived to see it wax rich enough to print a colored comic section, which, according to Editor Heiskell, places it on the highest pinnacle of successful present-day journalism. I have seen it transformed from a bad financial sink-hole to a valuable money-making property, and have contributed, in labor, all I could to its success. In fact, I have at times been vain enough to think that it would have gone to the newspaper graveyard long ago but for me.

It has had about a dozen different managements during my connection with it, and with every change of administration I would wonder if my time had come, and sometimes tremble in my shoes lest I should "lose out;" but in each instance, somehow, I was asked to remain, without directly seeking retention. It became a standing joke among my associates that I was put on the inventory and transferred with the chattels when a change was made in the management or the paper was sold, and occasionally, when a fellow wanted to work me for something, he would be apt to felicitously refer to this tendency to

sticktoitiveness on my part by comparing me to Tennyson's brook, which, "while men may come and men may go," went on forever, etc.

I began with the paper so early in my life and remained with its different managers so long and persistently that several of them were wont to say that they had raised me. One once introduced me to somebody as a *protégé* of his, which I did not enjoy much; and another, very recently, in speaking of me, remarked, "Why, d—n it, I almost raised that boy." (My wife, by the by, thinks she has "kind a" raised me, too, and saved my life a few times by the good care she has taken of me.) I now take these references as somewhat complimentary to myself, because if those who make them were entirely ashamed of me they would be apt to deny instead of claim such relationship.

The Gazette publication office has been almost parent and school to me, and I have prospered with it, perhaps beyond my deserts.

My going to the Gazette was due to the fact that I was early imbued with an ambition to become a journalist, believing that in this high calling I could wield a desired influence for good in the world. At fourteen years of age I fondly cherished the hope of some day being the editor, manager, or proprietor—and perhaps all three—of the largest metropolitan daily in New York or London. If it had been

fashionable in those days to have a chain of newspapers, a la Hearst, Munsey, Ochs, Pulitzer, or Sir Alfred Harmsworth, I doubtless would have dreamed of that little fad also. I am reminded that at about this time I expressed my misguided boyish desire in a laboriously composed parody, something after the following, as near as I can recall it:

IN NEWSPAPER LAND.

I wish I was in the land of papers,
Scribbling there among the printers.
Hie away, hie away! to Newspaper Land.
In Newspaper Land I 'd take my stand,
To live and die an editor.
Hie away, hie away! to Newspaper Land.

I wish I was an editor.
In Newspaper Land I 'd take my stand,
And live and die an editor.
Hie away, hie away! to Newspaper Land.

Oh, gay the times we 'd have together,
No matter what the kind of weather.
Hie away, hie away! to Newspaper Land.
'T would be always gay and pleasant there;
We 'd see no cloud; we 'd know no care.
Hie away, hie away! to Newspaper Land.

But, alas for the illusions of youth! I am yet occupying an humble position in the business office of Arkansas' "great religious daily," instead of molding public opinion and rendering oracles from the editorial tripod of the aforesaid New York or London newspaper—and, incidentally, rolling in wealth. No doubt I was never "cut out" for such an exalted position, or perchance, the modern newspaper, with its fifty to seventy-five Sunday pages and a bewildering array of features, magazine and comic sections, etc., has developed so rapidly that my meager stock of gray matter would not enable me to keep up with the journalistic procession. But I am consoled by the fact that the business end, with which I am connected, is often the Brains Department of a newspaper, although, of course, no editor is broad enough and liberal minded enough to admit it.

I am forcibly reminded at this time of my early anxiety to do something in the newspaper line by one of my old employers handing me a letter, with the remark, "Here's a letter which I found in my old cedar trunk; I wonder if your ambition has been satisfied." The letter was a serious one which I had written to him years before, and read as follows:

"LITTLE ROCK, ARK., July 24, 1887.

"DEAR SIR — I hope you do not think me discontented or ungrateful to you, because I make you a proposition in regard to a change of position on the paper, for I assure you

that I fully appreciate the interest you took in me when you gave me a place in the business office, and also your kindness in granting me a much-needed increase in salary, unsolicited.

"I like the newspaper business and expect to remain in the harness for life, but *I am ambitious to some day be at the head of some leading paper of the mighty press of the country.*

"I realize that a young man like myself, whose opportunities have not been the best, and who has not a superfluous amount of brains, to arrive at even a tolerable standard of excellence must direct all his energies to some certain end, and I thought if I had the department referred to I would have some experience in newsgathering and more time for reading and study.

"I should be glad to get into the editorial room. I believe I have some little talent in that direction, and whenever additional help is required in that department, I should be glad if you would remember me.

"Yours truly,

"FRED W. ALLSOPP."

This letter was written eighteen years before. And what a train of recollections its perusal by myself now awakes! I had the desired opportunity of entering the editorial room several years later, but did not make the splendid success that I had fancied and expected, as will be shown farther on. The auspices, however, were unfavorable at the time, and it may be that the latent talent which I supposed I possessed was too infernally *latent* to be aroused into action.

I entered the employ of the Gazette in the latter part of September, 1884, when sixteen years of age,

but my first connection with the paper antedated that several years, when I commenced to handle it as a local news-agent during my fourteenth year, at Prescott, Arkansas, and I remember very well that I sold on the streets of that town a great many copies of the Gazette containing the startling news of the assassina-

The Author Selling Gazettes 25 Years Ago.

tion of President Garfield on July 2, 1881. The paper was then a large eight- or nine-column folio sheet, very unhandy to handle. The supply came to me unfolded. The people were so eager for the issue of that day and it sold so rapidly that I did not have time to fold the copies as I dispensed them in exchange for nickels to the waiting multitude, hungry for news.

In August, 1883, I was appointed local correspondent at the same point, as shown by the following letter, which I am glad to find among my papers and shall retain as a memento of the past:

—1819-1883—

"THE GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY.

PUBLISHERS OF THE

ARKANSAS DAILY AND WEEKLY GAZETTE

Printers and Binders.

D. A. BROWER, President. H. G. ALLIS, Vice President.
GEORGE R. BROWN, Secretary.

Dictated by G. R. B.

"LITTLE ROCK, ARK., August 7, 1883.

"*Fred W. Allsopp, Esq., Prescott, Ark.:*

"DEAR SIR — Your favor of the 24th received this day. We should be glad to have you act as our correspondent at Prescott. Send all the news and take no sides in politics. Send only the most important matters by telegraph, filing your messages in the telegraph office at 6 p. m., with instructions to rush through in time to make our first edition. As often as you have news that you can get up in time for train, it will save the expense of telegraphing and serve us equally well. We will pay you for important telegrams fifty cents, and for letters twenty-five cents. Please advise us if this is satisfactory and we will send credentials.

"Yours truly,

"GEORGE R. BROWN, *Secretary.*"

GEORGE R. BROWN.

The foregoing communication was written on an old-style No. 1 Remington typewriter, the characters of which were all capitals, and while they were really large, the message which they conveyed to me made them seem to stand out in bold relief, like box-car letters of fire, in my eyes. I lost no time in notifying the publishers that I would be glad to act as correspondent on the terms proposed, and in due time I accordingly received the following credentials:

"THE GAZETTE

"LITTLE ROCK, ARK., August 29, 1883.

"To Whom It May Concern:

"Mr. Fred W. Allsopp, of Prescott, Arkansas, is hereby appointed special correspondent of the Arkansas Gazette, with authority to send News Telegrams at the expense of the undersigned, at such times as he may think proper, and to represent the Gazette upon all occasions of sufficient public interest.

[SEAL] "GAZETTE PRINTING CO.,

"By George R. Brown, *Secretary.*"

I was the most important man in town, in my estimation, for a while, and carried the preceding certificate fondly in my inside pocket, for several months afterwards, except when exhibiting it to my friends.

I then practiced sending in such highly sensational and important items as—

"Our enterprising townsman, Mr. So-and-So, left last night for Little Rock to purchase a mammoth stock of goods."

"The beautiful and accomplished Miss Smith was married yesterday to Mr. John Jones, one of our most promising young attorneys."

"Colonel Smith, the largest planter in our country, reports crops badly damaged by the drouth," etc.

"The city calaboose was destroyed by fire last night."

"The heaviest snow fall of the season occurred today."

"Bill Brown's barn burned last night."

"Circuit court is in session and a large number of cases are to be disposed of, among them—," etc.

Upon asking for specific instructions in regard to the sending of certain matter on one occasion, I received from the paper a letter which said:

"DEAR SIR—Replying to yours of the 10th inst., we were not aware that you expected us to order news. We thought that you were to send everything of great importance or matter relating to Little Rock or Arkansas people, and in case of doubt were to ask instructions by telegraph. Of course, *we cannot know in advance when news is going to happen in your town*, and, therefore, cannot instruct you excepting in a very general way.

"The Associated Press cuts a very small figure with us as far as Arkansas news is concerned. Send us whatever *big* news of a general character you get, and any news of interest that in a special manner concerns Arkansas people. We want no fights between ordinary folks. Your newspaper instinct must, after all, guide you, with an occasional suggestion from us. What would you want if you were running a Little Rock newspaper that is always crowded? That is the question you must answer in determining what to send. When in doubt, query us. Respectfully,

"GAZETTE."

I once sent in by wire what I considered a very important and well-written special, or "story," as they now call them—and lots of them are *stories*, in truth—but the telegraph company's copy of which the unappreciative telegraph editor heartlessly returned to me, with the word "ROT" blue-penciled across the face of it in large letters and heavily underscored. The blow nearly broke my heart.

This makes me think that the autocratic and cold, matter-of-fact news editor, when he ruthlessly consigns an item to the wastebasket, or cuts the stuffin' out of it, because it is not a big one or gotten up in true metropolitan style, does not stop to consider how hard the inexperienced correspondent from the "sticks" may have worked to send in his simple story and how terribly sincere and in earnest he may have been in his desire to serve the paper. Nor can he always appreciate when using his pruning knife how

important a really unimportant item may be considered by the people in the little burg from which it is sent. The editor is usually not very sentimental, if he is any good, and he has no time or sympathy to waste.

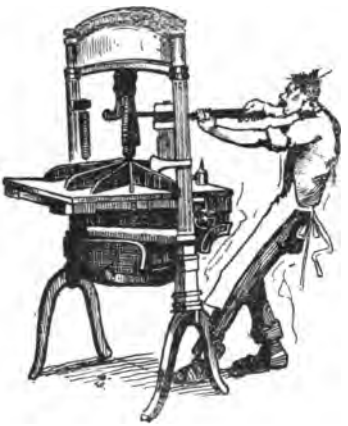
Where the Children of the Brains of Many Writers are Consigned.

CHAPTER II.

Working in a Country Newspaper Office.

SHORTLY after I became a special correspondent, I worked for about three months in the office of the Nevada County Picayune, a weekly newspaper published at Prescott, Arkansas, in learning to "set type," serving those thirteen weeks, happily, to satisfy my thirst for knowledge of the printing business, and receiving absolutely nothing for my hard work except *experience* and the satisfaction of having access to the exchange table and a fairly good library which the editor had in the office. Pay was a secondary consideration with me then; I thought a printing office was the open sesame to literature and everything that was great; I saw a grand vista of glory opening up before me, and was content. I learned there to handle the composing stick tolerably well, after "pieing" every case in the office, to pull a Washington hand press, to kick a footpower jobber, to turn out simple job work, to "jeff" with quads for watermelons and soda water, and it was there, as I rolled the press forms, and "took hold of the great Archimedean lever and jerked it early and late in the interest of freedom," that I inhaled my

first smell of printers' ink, the fascination or the curse of which, it is said, never leaves one who has been thoroughly inoculated with its virus or poisoned with its contagious germs.



Pulling the "Great Archimedean Lever."

The owner of the Picayune at the time was one Dudley Madden, a very talented young lawyer, whom I have lost sight of. One of the printers in the office was Walter Ross, who afterward reformed, forsook the wicked printery and became a Methodist preacher. I heard him deliver a sermon at Dye's Chapel in Argenta, a few years later, and, while I was glad to see him doing all the good he could, it

was a sort of a novelty to me to hear a man pleading for souls who a few years before was as profane as most printers—and, as a class, they are not noted for piety. Walter's brother, Andrew Ross, was also employed there, and was a member of the town cornet band. I believe he moved to Indian Territory when that country was opened up to settlers, as a great many Arkansans did, and became a prominent politician. Charles Shankle, another employee of the same office, is the only one of the lot who has remained in the same town. He is now running a rival sheet. Good old Claude McCorkle, who now conducts the Star of Hope, Hope, Arkansas, was also connected with the paper for a time, and taught me to roll the forms, laughing at me when I complained of aching arms and thanked goodness that the circulation was only about twenty quires. A recent owner of the Picayune was some time ago indicted, unjustly I believe and hope, on a charge of boodling in the legislature, of which he was a member. There was nothing around or in connection with that poor little journal that looked or smelled like boodle in my days, but times with it have probably improved in a financial way since then.

SIGHING FOR A LARGER FIELD.

The Picayune was a small country shop, as already indicated, and I sighed for a larger field of operation—and, after a while, when I cut a wisdom tooth, for some compensation for what I vainly considered were my valuable services. I then, with the consent of my parents, timidly and with much foreboding, wrote to the Gazette, at Little Rock, making application for a position and stating what experience I had had, unconsciously enlarging a little on that. This was the first and only time that I have ever applied for a position, and I was successful. It happened that a mailing clerk was needed, and the fact that I had stated that I knew something about sticking type decided the manager to take a chance and give me a trial, the mailing clerk having to put subscribers' names in type, and therefore must have some knowledge of typesetting. I was not any too good a printer to fill this part of my duties, and I never had opportunity to become a better one.

Well, I lost no time in repairing to Little Rock, and my spirits rose high as the fateful hour for my departure drew nigh. I thought: "Why, of course, I shall succeed; I am a man and able and anxious to battle with the world."

The events of this period are more vividly impressed on my mind than those of any other portion

of my life. I distinctly remember that my last night's sleep at home was not good. It was long past midnight before I closed my eyes at all, while generally I retired almost as early as the chickens went to roost. One of my brothers, with whom I slept, told my mother the next morning that I must have a fever, as I was restless all night.

While pitching and tossing on my little bed in the silence of this last night at home, what a panorama of ideas revolved in my mind! I was at that age when a boy is ever ready to "listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope." All the actions and incidents of my past life were brought before me more vividly than ever before. A thousand times did my thoughts fly over the road from that place to the supposed scene of my future operations. When old Morpheus did obtain control of my senses I dreamed of being a great newspaper man.

Who has not realized bright anticipations and fondly cherished hopes in Dreamland? Experience, however, teaches youth that the things of this world are not always what they seem, and many of our idealistic notions are knocked skyhigh by the realistic affairs of life with which we become surrounded and absorbed when we are full-fledged actors in the real play of life on this terrestrial stage.

I was no exception to the rule that when a young man starts out he feels that he is a very important

personage; full of hope, high spirits, and confidence, he believes himself able to conquer everything before him, and there is positively no limit to his ambitious aims. The calling which he desires to adopt he believes can only bring him happiness. No idea of misfortune, that his calling or profession will ever prove distasteful to him, or that he will not always be equal to the emergency, ever enters his head. He is eager for the fray, forms numerous resolutions, and enthusiastically formulates numerous plans of herculean magnitude which he sanguinely hopes to carry out to the very letter. He never dreams of the bitter disappointments he may suffer, or of the difficulties his own weaknesses may cause him. He encounters influences which cause him to make failures, however; he finds that there are limitations placed on his actions, and trouble will come. After weathering a few reverses he discovers that there is a dark side to this picture of life. A little later, if he is not made of superior stuff, he may become so sick of "hope deferred," so badly discouraged by a succession of disappointments, that he will long to get out of the turmoil and strife and wish that he were back home reposing on the bosom of his mother. He bemoans his cruel fate, considering himself the most unfortunate person in the world, when in reality he is only encountering the difficulties which nearly all have to surmount. The most of us can call up a long list

of recollections of crushed hopes and unrealized aspirations. Such is life; and the disappointments which we suffer are mostly the cost of misplaced ambition, the striving after something beyond our reach. Ambitious desires are the curse of many, and yet what

Off for Little Rock.

would this world be without ambitious men and women? It would come to a dead standstill; there would be nobody to make the wheels go round; we would be reduced to a state of savagery and all things would soon come to an end. Ambition is a greater force in inspiring actions than is duty, but our ambitions are not always laudable ones or rightly directed.

Well, good-bys were said to father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and the home tie broken.

It was a bright autumn morning, and the sorrow of parting with my folks was the only cloud on the horizon of my thoughts. I was controlled by the warmth and light-heartedness of youth.

I was off for Little Rock, which was not only a trip to the capital city of Arkansas, but, for me, the real beginning of a journey through a world of mingled joys and sorrows.

CHAPTER III.

In Little Rock, the Far-Famed "City of Roses."

On getting off the train at Little Rock I saw by following the crowd that the way to get up town was by boarding a mule car that was in waiting for the passengers. (This was before the city had become such a bustling metropolis as it is today or had acquired its present splendid electric street car system.) I asked the conductor to put me off at the Gazette office, but the unaccommodating nickel-gatherer replied that he did not know where in the devil that was. This was quite a shock to me, as I had thought this newspaper such a large and important public enterprise that everybody would know where it was located; but I suppose the ranks of the street car conductors were recruited then, as now, from the rural districts. A passenger told me that the office was on the corner of Markham and Scott streets, and I then requested the conductor to put me off there or at the nearest point thereto, but he carried me away up Main street, about a mile out of the way, and I was compelled to take another car and spend an additional nickel, which disappointed me, as my means were very slender.

I remember that an elderly woman entered the Gazette office almost simultaneously with myself. She desired to insert an advertisement, and a clerk stepped up to receive it. The notice was written out by the clerk from the woman's dictation and read to her by him, when she suggested some changes in the wording of it, and then asked the cost. She was greatly surprised to learn that the advertisement would cost as much as fifty cents, and went off, saying that she guessed she wouldn't put it in.

"Just like a fool woman," disgustedly remarked the clerk, whom I afterwards knew as Tom Dullahan, a witty Irish boy, "now why in Sam Hill could n't she have inquired the price of that want 'ad.' and moved on before she put me to so much trouble?"

After the woman withdrew I asked the same young man if it was the Gazette office. He had not gotten over his feeling of resentment toward the aggravating customer.

"Why, of course it is; what do you suppose it is?" snapped he, as he perched himself on a high office stool and proceeded to fill the room with cigarette smoke.

"Is the manager in?" I timidly ventured to inquire.

"No," he responded; but, with the aid of a verbal corkscrew, I managed to extract from him the information that the manager would be there in about an hour.

I thought that my reception was very cold, and a damper was placed on my hopeful feelings. I had heard that city folks were cold business propositions, but I was not prepared to have the very blood frozen in my veins. I easily imagined that some drooping ornaments at the head of the railing of the counting room at which I had been looking were real icicles. (There was not at that time, either, nor until long afterward, any connection between the office and a certain banking institution in Little Rock which was later known to the select few as W. B. Worthen's "cold storage.") But I know now that I was unduly sensitive and expected too much consideration from people who knew nothing of me, and that no unkindness was intended. No set of men could have used a boy or man better than I have been treated on the whole by the proprietors, managers, editors and employees of the Gazette, past and present. I owe much gratitude to many of them, as will be seen later on, and it is cheerfully acknowledged by me.

Well, I had an hour to wait for the manager. I recall that I sauntered up Markham street until I arrived at the old statehouse, soon to be abandoned for the new million-dollar capitol. I entered the grounds and proceeded to occupy one of the old green benches which have stood in this yard for years and years, selecting one under a fine shade tree. It was a very pleasant resort, I thought. A delightful breeze from the river fanned my face, while I looked over

a copy of the paper which had been given me at the office. I read little, however, for everything was new and strange to me, and I could not avoid falling into a train of meditation. I observed various people, who, like myself, had sought rest and shade in the grounds. On a seat nearby was a well-dressed man, absorbed in a Gazette, and in another a couple of stragglers were devouring the contents of a bottle that had a suspicious look about it; a short distance away, in front of the fountain, was a group of typical city dudes, smoking cigarettes and indulging in much laughter and profane language. Others were quenching their thirst at the public well in the grounds, which, from indications, would soon have been drunk dry were it not an inexhaustible spring. A beggar approached me, and, with a most pathetic appeal, touched my tender heart and extracted another nickel from my pocketbook. I was particularly interested in watching the actions of one old man who was seated on the grass near an old cannon a short distance away. He was undoubtedly a poor tramp—a rolling stone that had gathered no moss—and I was touched by his too-apparent unhappiness. He was tattered and torn and appeared to be in such abject mental anguish that he could not rest. He moved around uneasily, ran his fingers through his hair, pulled his whiskers, shook himself, wrung his hands, and altogether was so pitiable that I shall never forget the sight of him. Some

terrible anguish was evidently racking the brain of that poor creature. As to the cause, who knows whether it was a just punishment for sins committed by himself, the result of man's inhumanity, or woman's perfidy? All along through life we see such specimens of human suffering, to whom the world is a vale of tears. Many a poor, penniless wanderer in the world, who "hath not where to lay his head," has found rest in that old Arkansas statehouse yard. The next morning I read in the Gazette a matter-of-fact account of the suicide of an unknown man by jumping into the river, and I have every reason to believe it was the poor sinner whom I had seen writhing in misery in the statehouse yard.

And thus for the past score of years I have not only read religiously, but I have helped to produce the public journal in which has been daily chronicled the births, marriages, fortunes, misfortunes, and, finally, the deaths, of people in the commonwealth of Arkansas, together with the world's news, gossip, and comment.

Occasionally the paper, in its province of news vender, publishes stories as sad as that just referred to, and the waters of the Arkansas River flowing past the city doubtless conceal tragedies stranger and sadder than any that have ever been recorded in type.

MR. GEORGE R. BROWN.

When I returned to the office the manager had just stepped in and walked back to his private office in the rear. This manager was none other than Mr. George Russ Brown, the present irrepressible secretary of the Little Rock Board of Trade. He was a handsome, boyish-looking young man, wore a mustache, was well dressed, and was smoking a cigar when I first saw him, as he usually is when seen now. He received me kindly and introduced me to the clerks. He also introduced me to my work without any unnecessary delay. He is noted for getting work out of men, and he kept me at it as long as I was under him; but I must say that he is personally a wheelhorse. He always sets a good example by laboring long and hard himself. He was a hustler then as now, his energy and capacity for hard work seeming wonderful to me. He was one of the most popular men in the city and had a hand in every public enterprise.

I was disappointed to find that my labors were mostly to be performed at night, and I had little to do that afternoon after I was shown what manner of work I was expected to perform.

There happened to be a circus in town, and the foreman of the composing room, a kindly-disposed man who desired to show the stranger a good time, proposed that he and I go to the show. That

just suited me. He had passes, and I had the exquisite pleasure of going to the circus on a newspaper pass for the first time. All who have enjoyed the luxury of free passes well know what an agreeable sensation the first favor of the kind occasioned in them. After a while you become accustomed to such courtesies, and may expect them as a matter of course, and then you reach a point when to spend money for such things as they represent will cause you intense pain, no matter how wealthy you are. You have been spoiled.

Amusement and railroad passes are one of the chief delights of the young newspaper man, and, by the way, the coming of a circus to town has always been a source of pleasure and profit in our office, as it usually enriches our coffers to the amount of $50.00 to $100.00 for advertising, as well as leaves a bunch of complimentaries.

Most people think that newspaper men not only get amusement and railroad passes in any quantity, but that they get almost everything else free, and therefore, everybody envies them and wants to break into the business. They overlook the fact that, while the newspaper man does receive a great many courtesies from the public, he seldom has much money. According to some—

The Newspaper man is a merry old soul,
For hasn't he passes to everything?
He rides and he frolics, yet pays no toll,
Although he enjoys himself like a king.

He hasn't any cash, but he doesn't need any,
For isn't he invited to everything?
Why what in the world does he need with money
When everybody treats him like a king?
(But the City Editor)

Although we do receive a great many favors, they usually have to be reciprocated, and the conscientious journalist will not accept courtesies which he cannot repay. The great "Plumed Knight's" reciprocity ideas apply, and should do so, very largely in the business; and the Emersonian theory of Compensation comes in here, as well as in everything else in this world. The shows demand notices as an exchange of courtesies, and the railroads expect advertising also. As to the latter, the interstate commerce restrictions forced the roads to make, at least, a pretense of exacting advertising in payment for editorial transportation, and the more recent railroad rate bill has caused the lines to be drawn still closer.

Since I have been in a managerial position, I have been solicited so frequently for newspaper transportation, sometimes by people who pretend to wish to buy it, at reduced rates, but usually by those who are simply "on the work," and most frequently

by people who have not a shadow of right to it on their own account or for any other reason, that I had a sign printed to show to such nervy folks, to the effect that my office was not a general transportation agency, a cut rate ticket office, or an amusement bureau.

I have myself enjoyed many courtesies in the way of passes, and could have taken advantage of many more had I been able to spare the time to travel.

To return to the subject of the circus, we "saw the elephant," drank red lemonade, ate peanuts, etc., to my heart's content, on the festive occasion referred to, and I forthwith decided that Little Rock was a perfect heaven on earth—the greatest city in the world. The foreman who was my agreeable companion at the show was M. C. Morris, since removed to South Dakota, where I understand he has gotten rich, as he deserved to do. He was a defeated candidate for the legislature from Pulaski County, Arkansas, in 1899,

and, soon afterward he obtained considerable notoriety while acting as a newspaper correspondent, by sending out broadcast over the country a sensational story, which was afterward denied, about Lieutenant Hobson, the Spanish-American war hero, and his supposed Arkansas sweetheart.

After I came back from the circus, "Dory" McLaughlin, the engineer, strange to say, kindly undertook to find me a boarding house, which I had overlooked doing in my mad pursuit of pleasure, and he took me to one which was conducted by three estimable old maids, named Hill—almost "as old as the hills," who, after they learned my many virtues, treated me like a son, and it was at their house that I subsequently met the sweet girl who, seven years later, became my beloved wife.

I have often thought that there was something more than mere chance that directed me to both the Gazette office and to this house, and I firmly believe that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends."

The "Dory" McLaughlin whom I have referred to was a big-hearted Irishman. He is dead now, I believe, and I shall always revere his memory. He probably saved my life some time after I became connected with the office, by hauling me out of the press-room basement during a fire while I was asleep down there on a pile of mail sacks. "Kid, let's get out of

here quick," said he. He also almost saved my life previous to this, on the first night I went to work there, in another way, as follows:

I had not prepared for the demands of a healthy appetite during the night while at work by bringing a lunch with me, as the other employees did, and it being my first experience at night work, I got ravenously hungry before morning. He found it out and turned his lunch basket, bountifully filled, over to me, letting me think it had been sent for me from the boarding house. I ate every mouthful of its contents and enjoyed it as I remember relishing few meals. I was afterward told of "Dory's" generous sacrifice, and that he had said that he was sorry for the "kid," as he called me, and had given me his supper. I felt bad about it and apologized, but he only laughed good-naturedly.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mailing Clerk—Printing Office Tricks.

AS mailing clerk, I was to be the successor to a young man who was transferred to another department, but who was to remain with me until I had "learned the ropes."

I am free to confess that I was very much mistaken in regard to the kind of work expected of me, but I hoped to get something better and determined, instead of throwing up the sponge, to stick and try to work up.

If my mother had seen me at the mail table in the press room working away at a pile of papers, with my sleeves rolled up, wearing a big apron, a blue pencil behind my ear, my clothes bespattered with paste and my face covered with dust and ink, she would not have recognized her darling eldest boy.

Subscribers to out-of-town publications which go through the mails have often noticed the little yellow or red address labels that are stamped on the first page of their papers—sometimes appearing right across an interesting article which they want to read every word of, instead of on the white margin of the sheet, where it should have been. The process of addressing papers and magazines is still used, but few

outside of the publication offices know how the labels are affixed, and how those little slips are made to register on every issue the name and exact date of the expiration of the subscription. A world of bookkeeping is avoided by this simple system, where it is depended upon, the names being set in type, with the date of subscription, when received, and carried on galleys, from which proofs are taken on special paper, and the strips on which these names appear being pasted and placed in what is called a Dick Mailing Machine and by it stamped on the paper. I was to perform this work. I placed the names in type, stamped them on the papers and packages and dispatched them. There were two editions of the paper then—a midnight one, which was sent to subscribers on the Iron Mountain Railway north and south, and on the Memphis road—and the regular morning, the complete paper, issued at about 5 o'clock a. m., going to the city subscribers and those at out-of-town points which could not be reached by the early edition.

I do not wish to give away any state secrets relating to circulation, because it is a part of our professional honor to respect such things, but it is a fact that at that time I often carried a mail edition of the Gazette in a sack on my back to the post office, and I am no Sandow in strength, either; while at this writing the circulation of the paper has reached 11,500 on week days and 15,000 on Sundays,

about fifty per cent of which goes to the country. The weekly edition was much larger than the daily, and was sent to the post office in an express wagon. I injured my health, I am sure, by frequently rushing out of a hot press room into the open air to go to the post office with mail matter, without taking time to properly clothe myself for going out into the street. We were compelled to be always in a rush to catch the mails, as is the case in most newspaper offices, and I know that I was zealous in my endeavors to serve the paper's interests.

I had many trials in learning the work, and it seemed to me then that some of the boys were a little hard on me. Somehow, men seldom take pleasure in instructing new hands, especially if they think they are going to be supplanted in some way, unless it is in the amusement they have on account of the mistakes made by the novice. The old man usually endeavors to impress the apprentice with the heaviest parts of the work and seldom does he try to make his early efforts pleasant. The domineering air of superiority in which a man instructs a green hand in his future duties is often amusing—to everybody except the new man. Man's mean traits often evidence themselves in petty ways.

PRINTING OFFICE TRICKS.

It seems to be the invariable custom to impose various tricks on the greenhorn when he enters an establishment. I did not escape. The initiatory tricks of a printing office are numerous, and the hazing at West Point or at some of our colleges is not in it with

Seeing the Type Lice.

the work done at the average printshop. One of the oldest tricks is to show the newcomer the "type lice." Every printer knows what this is, but some of my readers may not have heard of it. The novice is asked if he has ever seen these peculiar little insects, which are supposed to live and grow fat on the ink which

clings to the type. Of course, he will say no, and usually evince a great deal of curiosity to see some of them, especially if he is of an inquiring mind. If he doesn't voluntarily ask to see them he is cunningly led up to make such a request. He is then taken over to the composing stones and directed to look down between two divided parts of a column of standing type in a "form." The hole has been filled with water, previously, in joyful anticipation of working the gag, and while he is stooping down over the form, straining his eyes in trying to see the type lice, somebody joins the broken column by quickly pushing up one end of it, or closing up both ends, and the result is that the embryo printer has his face beautifully bespattered with dirty, inky water. Everybody laughs, of course! I was subjected to this little joke early in the game, and the customary horse-laugh was indulged in at my expense. I was also induced to go around to a neighboring printing office to borrow some italic quads, the ridiculousness of which should have at once appeared to me, but did not. They tried to send me out to borrow a meat augur and a round square, and to get off other gentle pranks on me, but I balked.

Most of my work, as stated, was performed at night, and at first I found it very difficult to keep awake. My companions soon broke me of drowsy habits, though, by placing paper between my fingers and setting fire to it. The treatment was rather cruel, but it was very effective.

THE PLANT.

At this time the Gazette Printing Company consisted of a poorly equipped mechanical plant, as compared with present standards, but I thought it a great concern, and it was for those days, in this part of the country. The basement contained the press room, in which were a two-revolution press, with separate folder, and the engine and boiler which furnished the steam power. On the first floor was the business office, with a job printing department and bindery in the rear. (The job department, which was then considered a necessary part of a newspaper equipment, has since been discontinued, in order that entire attention might be given to the newspaper.) The job rooms were fairly well equipped with type and binding machinery, including three presses—one drum cylinder and two jobbers, and there was a good stock of stationery, paper stock, etc., on hand. On the second floor were the editorial room in front, with the composing or news room in the rear. About twenty-five people were employed in all departments.

A little later, in 1886, I think, the company established a ready-print department, known as the Arkansas Newspaper Union, to furnish patent insides for country weeklies, but the Western Newspaper Union and the A. N. Kellogg Company made strong

fights on it, cutting prices below the actual cost of production, and the business was soon discontinued. The Western Newspaper Union took over the list of papers and the material, for a small consideration.

ROBERT P. BATEMAN.

The dude of the office, and one of my good friends, in those days, was Robert P. Bateman, familiarly known as "Bob," who was superintendent of the city circulation. He was a brother of Joe B. and H. C. Bateman, of Little Rock, a brother-in-law of Manager Brown, and a leader of the younger society set for years. He died in 1895, of pneumonia, several years after he had left the Gazette, however, and leaving a wife to mourn, with his many friends, his sad and untimely demise.

A "SCRAP" GROWING OUT OF THE FLYNN-DORAN FUED.

The celebrated Flynn-Doran feud, I think, was on at Hot Springs at about the time of my arrival on the scene at the Gazette office, and one night there was a little private war in the editorial rooms resulting from it. Robert J. Brown, then a reporter, had written an account of the matter for the paper and had had a controversy with some of the partisans of the principals at Hot Springs about it. The lie had been passed and Mr. Brown and Mose Harris, the editor

of a Hot Springs paper, had a personal difficulty growing out of it in which George R. Brown, D. A. Brower, and others, took part, in an effort to bring hostilities to a close. Nobody in the office was killed, but the affair came very near having fatal consequences.

There are hazards connected with the newspaper business.

CHAPTER V.

My Friends, the Printers.

THE mails were made up in the press room, but the galleys on which the subscribers' names were carried were corrected and brought up to date each day in the composing room, while I reported to the business office, so that I was thrown more or less with these three departments. Among those of the printers whom I remember as being on the paper on those good old days of hand composition were:

Ham S. Andrews, the very competent proofreader on the paper at present, who left us for a few years but came back, and is fortunate in having obtained since then a good wife who works by his side all night at a desk as assistant proofreader and copyholder; M. C. Morris, who was foreman; John Donaldson, S. C. Bright, John Martin, Charles McKown, Louis Loescher, "Bunny" Dice, Ed Holtzman (recently deceased), Jim Butler, Charles Lewis, Dick Johnson, a good fellow, who has had a lot of bad luck; and Colonel J. A. J. Birdsall, now of Colorado Springs, Colorado, known as the sage of the office, and who is the author of the following characteristic song, dedicated to the printers:

"When your heels hit hard and your head feels queer,
And your thoughts foam up like the froth on the beer;
When your legs grow weak, and your voice grows strong,
And you laugh like a fool at some low, vulgar song;
You 're drunk, by gosh, you 're drunk!

"When you wake up in the morning feeling 'all in,'
With a great big head on that aches like sin,
And search your pockets in vain for 'the tin'
You last night so freely and gaily blew in;
And mutter to yourself, 'What a d—d f-o-o-l I 'v-e b-e-e-n.'
You 're sober, then, you 're sober.

L'ENVOI.

"It is no time for song and laughter
In the cold, gray dawn of 'the morning after.' "

This was a jolly and good-natured crowd, and many the joke they cracked for my amusement, or, rather, to my amusement.

Christopher Ledwidge, now a prominent alderman and capitalist of Little Rock, soon afterward entered the shop, as an apprentice, under W. R. Barrow as foreman. Chris was a real nice, good little "devil," smart and popular, but he saw better opportunities elsewhere and decided not to remain in the printing business as an employee.

Mr. Barrow was one of the best posted men and most capable printers ever connected with the establishment, or perhaps with any other printing office, being looked up to by the men as a leader and an

adviser on whose counsel they could rely. He remained with the concern until a disagreement occurred and a strike resulted, when he went out with the men, after trying his best to adjust the difference.

"A Real Nice, Good Little Devil."

Strikes are things which it seems impossible to avoid at some times where labor is employed, but they are lamentable affairs, and, as has been said,

no matter which side wins there are going to be new faces in the place.

Charles H. Lewis, who died November 12, 1896, was, I believe, foreman of the job printing department at the time, or soon afterward. Some years before his death he engaged in the real estate business with Mr. George R. Brown. He was one of the most gentlemanly printers I have ever known.

Although I was not and could not be a participant, I was present at many a chapel meeting held by the union printers, our men all belonging to Typographical Union No. 92, perhaps the oldest labor organization in the city. At these little chapel meetings momentous questions were discussed and passed on. That ancient and honorable institution known as the chapel, with its "daddy," as well as the rules made there for the regulation of the relations between the men and the company, and for the settlement of differences between the printers themselves, was a study to me then. All the printers were paid by the piece, the scale of compensation being 35 cents per thousand ems for straight matter. The head and ad. men were able to make more money than those on straight matter, and they paid a bonus to the chapel, which divided it, and there were many other things for it to decide. I came down to make my changes in the galleys and to add the names of new subscribers at about the same time the printers reported for duty. They usually appeared before the hour for regular

composition work, to measure their "strings," by which they were paid, and to distribute their "takes" of the matter which was set up the night previously—*i. e.*, place the type back in the cases after it had been used. Lazy printers sometimes hired their type "thrown in," as they called it, and I occasionally earned a little money in this way. This kind of work has been revolutionized by the introduction of the Mergenthaler Linotype (typesetting machine), which the great and witty William Jennings Bryan says is the greatest machine ever invented, except the Philadelphia Republican machine.

There is a restless class of humanity in the printing fraternity, and it has been said that the printer is no good until he has seen the road. Many of the old-timers have worked in all the best known offices from Maine to California and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. We are all familiar with the occasional tramp printer, or compositorial tourist representative of the "art preservative of all arts," who wants to borrow a quarter or a half-dollar, he says, "for a bed and a supper," but who usually spends the money (if you "cough up") at the nearest saloon. He is always going to some point, not far distant, where he has friends galore and a good bank account, and has suffered some temporary embarrassment. He "subs" for a few nights and then moves on, his clothes unpressed, his shoes run down at the heels and

unshined, with hardly a cent in his pockets, but possessing a lot of experience and good humor and is as happy as a lord. A printer with a card* can usually get a day's work in almost any office as a substitute, and I know of no trade or profession in which a man can afford to be as independent as the printer can. This was especially true before the invention and installation of the Mergenthaler Linotype.

The Gazette has been favored with the presence of hundreds of the peregrinating typo. Most of them have left some mark of their presence and their respect. Sometimes it was on the police record, and often it was a little memento in the shape of a duebill, which was never honored; but below will be found an interesting and amusing record of impressions left by some of them on the walls of the composing room of the Gazette, the matter having been copied, edited and arranged by Mr. Fred Heiskell, the managing editor, and printed, with the introduction as it appears, in the issue of August 2, 1903:

"For some reason there has always been about the newspaper business much of Bohemia, and this condition exists in some degree to this good day, though the necessities of the business, the hurry, the bustle and the many calls on newspaper men, from press room to composing room, for quick, decisive, sure action have eliminated much of the Bohemianism. Still there linger many memories of the days that were palmy; the days of the 'tourist' printer, the man who floated, leaving behind him as he went from place to place, a smile, a new story, and

* A certificate of membership in a typographical union, with dues paid up.

an odor of intoxicants. In his life there were no continued stories. Each day was a book unto itself and bedtime rounded it out and finished it forever.

"Just now some changes are being made in the composing room of the Gazette, and recently an old closet, where, in days agone, the printers who were employed by the Gazette hung their coats and other clothing when they began work, was dismantled and the light of day fell for the first time in many years on its walls. The walls compose a huge autograph album, where names of tourists who traveled years ago, are inscribed, and where there are many evidences of the wit and the happy-go-lucky disposition of the old-time journeyman printer.

"In bold letters, as if proud of his poverty, one who may be remembered by printers yet alive, wrote:

" 'Richard Johnson—On the Bum.'

"A wag who hung his coat in the closet later could not overlook such a splendid opportunity, and wrote under the inscription:

" 'Richard is himself again.'

"On another part of the wall is written in grandiloquent flourishes:

" 'Robert Burns Thomas, the printer poet; arrived in Little Rock July 10, 1880.'

"The inevitable wag added to this inscription some days later:

" 'Jumped his board bill July 25, 1880.'

"Some printer with old-fashioned ideas, probably moved by seeing the autographs and the ribald jests, for some of them are ribald, wrote:

" 'Fools' names, are, as fools' faces,
Always seen in public places.'

"Up bobs the jester and writes under it:

" 'Why, I don't see yours here.'

"One of a pair of partners on the road wrote:

"'Jones and Johnson started for Phoenix, Arizona, September 5, 1883.'

"And under it is written:

"'And they won't have to pay any excess baggage charges on their bank rolls, either.'

"About another inscription, and the postscript of one who knew, there is a touch of sadness. It is written:

"'Bill Guthrie left today for California. December 19, 1883.'

"Under this is written:

"'There goes my three dollars toward the setting sun. Good-by, Bill. Farewell three.'

"It is evident that Bill was a borrower.

"One man wrote a continued story on the walls. The first inscription is:

"'Robert Adams, seeking greener fields and pastures new, left this 30th day of August, 1881, for the North.'

"Near by is written:

"'Robert Adams has been North. Niggers and two-nicks and nothing else. Stopped over here to get a meal and a dollar. Stand aside. I'm bound for the Gulf coast. November 27, 1881.'

"A two-nick, in the parlance of the printer, is a woman printer, and for some reason the craft has never taken kindly to them.

"In nearly every printing office there is a man who saves his money and adds to it by lending it to his spendthrift fellow-craftsmen at a most exorbitant rate of interest. The time of the loans is until the pay day after the loan is made and the time is therefore short. These men are known as "Shylocks." It is evident that "Shorty" Thomas, mentioned in the footnote below the following chart, which was marked off on the walls and in which many were registered, was at one time the Shylock of the Gazette office:

"'NOTICE: It is requested that none but tourists register in this chart.

Name, Where From	What Conveyance	Condition of Chewing	How Finances	Where Bound	Remarks for Enlightenment of the Craft
Sam Cribbs, Kansas (laugh, damn you).	Blind baggage.	Route overworked.	Too heavy to carry (I will have my joke).	Heaven is my destination.	Let bleeding Kansas bleed; I'll not try to stanch its wounds.
Tom Harper, Hades (called also Memphis).	The cinder path.	Good.	Money! Money! I've heard that before.	To some haven of rest where they toil not, but have plenty.	Memphis is a good town to be from.
Ernest Newell, Louisiana.	Side door Pullman.	Fit for the best.	Not burdened with the filthy stuff.	This will do; I'm not particular.	This printing business is no job for a clergyman's son.
Ed Douglass, Bosting.	The trucks (I blush to say it).	Good, if one is fond of beans.	Light—exceeding light.	Any place will suit me; I've lived in Bosting.	Experience comes with travel. If I wasn't a tourist, I'd turn out tomorrow.
Albert Duncan, Texas.	Lightly (I tripped along the ties).	Nothing to brag on.	Bad.	Where work is lightest.	Have no advice to give nor excuses to offer.
Walter McNeil, Missouri.	In a stock car with some other hogs.	Awful.	Awful.	Any place but Missouri.	Keep away from Joplin, Mo.
Will Elkins, St. Louis.	In the varnished cars.	The service in the dining car was rather good.	If I was any more prosperous I couldn't stand it.	Monte Carlo, maybe.	When the bang tails run your way, money certainly comes easy.

NOTICE SOME MORE.—Tourists without bullion will please mention the name of "Peso" Jones; it rolls well under the tongue and breathes of money. Also a slight reference to "Shorty" Thomas would come in handy if you desire to perish in the sight of plenty. Shorty is sure a tight one.

My friend Heiskell may have colored some of this record a wee bit, but, if so, it is all the more interesting for having received the magic touch of his genius.

So much for the genus hobo. I have referred to him because he is an interesting type—or typ-o. And other professions and trades have a similar following. But all of the craft are not to be judged by him, and I do not wish to appear as speaking disrespectfully of the printer. Some of our best and most intelligent citizens are or have been printers, and I have many good friends among them whom I respect highly. There have been many Benjamin Franklins and other illustrious printers.

Such men as William M. Moore, who has been the composing room foreman of the Gazette for several years, and was recently elected to the Arkansas Legislature, are good examples of what a printer can accomplish. By dint of hard work, good habits, and the careful investment of his wages, he has won an enviable reputation in the craft and out of it, has accumulated property, is well married and doing nicely in every respect. He has been one of the old reliables on the paper for years.

John M. Haislip, of the Central Printing Company, Little Rock, who was foreman after K. O. Gould left it, is another fair specimen of what a good man can accomplish. He started in as a printer's devil, and

in five years made himself one of the best printers and proofreaders in the country.

While holding down a linotype machine each at the office, and earning about $25.00 a week apiece, O. K. Judd studied medicine and got a diploma, and at the same time Frank Dodge studied law and obtained a license to practice, afterward being elected to the legislature. They are both following their professions, illustrating what can be done when men try.

About ten years ago there was a printer working at the Gazette office named Herbert Burrus, and a right good fellow he was, but he got tired of the business and sighed for riches. So he let his hair grow long until it extended over his shoulders, advertised himself as "Dr. Burrus," the Quaker Physician, got a medicine wagon, a negro clown, and went through the country selling medicines. It is said that he was soon actually coining money. He informs me that he afterward took up a course of study in a St. Louis medical college, was graduated therefrom in 1903, and is now in the regular practice.

At one time there was a printer working on the paper who was studying law, and who was very proud. He wouldn't carry a lunch basket with him, as all the others did, for the midnight meal, because he was too much of a dude, but always had a law

book under his arm instead. Another printer suggested to him one day, in all seriousness, that he have a lunch box made out of leather in the shape of a law book, and labeled "Arkansas Digest."

At the beginning of the Spanish-American war a patriotic and warlike printer named T. K. Rockwood interested himself in organizing a volunteer infantry company. The Gazette announced one morning that the company being recruited by him made rapid progress toward completion the day before, gave the names of those who had enlisted to shoulder the musket in defense of the national honor, and closed the notice by stating that the company would probably be *full* by the next Monday night. The writer did not intend to reflect on these patriots by using the word "full" with its popularly accepted meaning among rounders, but it is a fact that a number of Captain Rockwood's Volunteers were gloriously drunk before the time mentioned, although many of them did go to the front and act bravely and honorably, among them the gallant captain.

Most printers are good fellows, but one of the meanest tricks that was ever played on me was perpetrated by a printer. He took an insane notion to get married, and was short on clothes. At a time when I was going to see the girls myself, and wore good clothes, he borrowed the best suit I had to get married in, went off in it to spend his honeymoon, and I never saw him or my clothes any more.

James W. Brooks, who was foreman of the composing room in 1899, was a hard worker and an ambitious fellow. He undertook at one time to act as foreman, to set ads., edit the telegraph and report the State Senate at the same time, but he wanted four salaries for it. He is now making himself rich and famous as the publisher of an auxiliary magazine scheme at St. Louis.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRESS ROOM—CAPTAIN W. I. WHITWELL, ETC.

I LABORED for something like a year in putting up mail in the press room, right by the side of the press which ground out the papers, hot with the news of the day.

Captain W. I. Whitwell was then, as now, superintendent of the press room, and "monarch of all he surveyed" down there. He has held the position faithfully for more than a quarter of a century, a most remarkable record in the printing business, where those composing the mechanical force, as a rule, are constantly changing. He is the only man, besides myself, who was with the paper when I went to work on it, twenty years ago, and has remained continuously with it. I can say with him—

"Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me."

I have always had a great admiration for some of the Captain's qualities. He is quite a character, standing about six feet in his stockings, well built, almost distinguished looking, and the "Iron Chancellor" Bismarck of Germany, in his day, was not

more austere and could be no more severe. For many years he has been a terror to meddlesome boys who frequented the press room as carriers or newsboys, and to hoboes. He has spanked many of the boys and almost scared others to death when they attempted to get too gay, and yet some thieving newsboy will occasionally evade his eagle eye, break through the lines and attempt to steal the press room out of papers. A little of the Captain's "strap oil," as a licking with his strap was called, was a good thing to cure a boy of cutting up in the basement. If this gentleman is friendly to you, he is a friend indeed; but if anybody tries to impose on him, look out for squalls—especially if about the time his temper turns loose there is in the press room a little too much of what is known as static electricity and the web of paper breaks frequently, stopping the press. Static electricity and the Captain's particular brand of profanity on a cold, frosty morning form a combination fearful to experience. And, by the way, electricity in the press room atmosphere is a fine excuse to fall back on when the paper is late in coming out—that is, it is handy for the press room. That is often the excuse of the gang down there, but the office boy generally explains to "kickers" when the issue is late that "the press broke down." I think our press has broken down a thousand times in this way.

It may have been Jack Buckalew, who was assistant pressman for several years, instead of Captain Whitwell, who first applied the electricity gag in our office to explain mishaps with the press. I am not sure about this; but, anyway, the excuse has been worked successfully, and sometimes overtime, for a number of years.

"What's the matter with the press?" would be asked when it bucked.

"Oh, the infernal thing 's got electricity in it."

There was one peculiar point about this which we never could understand, and that was that the more spirits fermenti there happened to be in the lockers of some of the crew, the greater the danger there was of there being electricity in the press.

The Jack Buckalew whom I have referred to is quite a character, too, and, besides being a first-class machinist, he is a great politician, whose influence with the workingman was felt at every election when he lived in Little Rock. He left the press room to become a linotype machinist, and later was made one of the head men in the National Machinists' Union, with headquarters in Washington City, and he is now a well-known traveling adjuster for that order, and puts on more style than the president of the United States does.

To return to the subject of Captain Whitwell, I desire to mention an episode in his life which will illustrate the superb quality of his nerve. It has been

related to me that when he entered the employ of the company he was cross-eyed—very much so. Some time afterward a traveling oculist reached the city—there were then no local specialists, as now—and the Captain decided to have his eyes treated. He was accustomed to sleeping in the daytime, on account of working at night, so he had the eye doctor come to the office to perform the operation while he was there. He is said to have run off one side of the paper (this being before we acquired a web perfecting press, which would print both sides at once), then had his eyes operated on. The doctor performed the job, pronounced it a success, the patient lay down and rested his optics for a little while, then got up, put the forms on the press for the second half of the paper, and printed them.

The old man was disposed to be a little rough on me for a while, but he and I soon became friendly, and he laughs now about the days when he bossed me in the hole in the ground called the press room, while now, as business manager, I am supposed to be his boss. He is at this time seventy years of age, but is hale and hearty, and works every night, as of yore.

Between the editions of the paper there were waits of several hours, and I read or slept on the mail table, or went to the theater when there was a show in town during the theatrical season. I liked to read, and sometimes made a pallet of mail sacks, with a roll of old papers for a pillow, and read until it was time

CAPTAIN W. I. WHITWELL.

to resume work. Whitwell thought I was reading the ordinary dime novel, or blood-and-thunder story, until one day, as I heard him tell somebody, he claimed to have discovered that I read "classical books."

I started to study shorthand in this way at night, which resulted in my eventually getting into the business office. I later secured the services of the office stenographer to give me instruction in making pothooks, dots and dashes at her home, and my friend Chris Ledwidge joined me in this course. It was a jolly little class. The lady's name was Mrs. Anna D. Laughlin, now proprietress of the T. P. A. Inn, at Waldo, Arkansas, who afterward became Mrs. Jim Butler, marrying a well-known printer. She was handsome, witty, and very good to us. My association with her is a pleasant remembrance. I was permitted to practice on the company's typewriter when it was not being used, and soon after this I was placed in the office, in which I have since filled, successively, the positions of collector, subscription clerk, stenographer, bookkeeper, cashier, advertising manager, secretary of the company and a director in the corporation, and finally business manager, and becoming one of the largest individual stockholders.

My wages at first were the whole sum of ten dollars a week, and sometimes on Saturday afternoon, when the "ghost walked" and I drew this munificent

amount in one unbroken piece, inclosed in an envelope bearing my name, and bought a five-cent cigar (having contracted the bad habit of occasionally puffing the weed)—

"I thought myself a king of earth,
A being born to rule;—
But never since my wretched birth
Was I so big a fool."

"I Thought Myself a King of Earth."

CHAPTER VII.

Special Editions—Extras—Our Contemporaries, Etc.

IN former years when finances got short with the Gazette, which was by no means infrequently, a special edition was sometimes resorted to. This was a great scheme at one time with most newspapers, but it has lost its pulling power and become somewhat in disrepute. The thing was overdone, overworked and much abused, and it is a difficult matter nowadays to get up a successful Special Edition unless it commemorates some important occasion. "It used to be a puddin,'" as one advertising expert expressed it. The usual plan on which it was worked was to announce a big issue of thousands of copies above the regular circulation, for the ostensible purpose of advertising the city's natural advantages, its great resources and various industries, to be written up and illustrated *in extenso*. Incidentally, a firm, corporation or individual would be permitted as a special favor to insert an advertisement in this mammoth issue, at a price somewhat in excess of the regular advertising rate, and here is where the paper made its money.

In the beginning these Special Editions were gotten out by the paper's own staff, but by and by there were developed, or born, Special Edition Experts, who trotted around the country getting up such editions, sometimes buying the space outright, but working usually on a percentage basis, they receiving a

Explaining the Merits of a Great Special Edition.

very large portion of the receipts (sometimes as high as 50 per cent), too, and these professional edition men are still doing business. They are often the smartest kind of fellows, calculated to pull a man's leg or talk him into almost anything, and, strange to

say, people will listen to them when they would turn down the local man. Sometimes I fear these professionals use the same write-ups in every town, simply changing the names in them.

There is a firm of these experts, named Delisle & Milliken, with whom the Gazette made a contract once, which turned out satisfactorily. I believe them to be straight men, and they are about the shrewdest in the business. Their plan, which is unique, is to send a man ahead, who makes a special write-up of every concern and individual of any consequence in the city, before the edition is announced or an advertising order solicited. These write-ups or "puffs" are then submitted to the victims, who are solicited to order same inserted, at so much per line, in the great special, soon to be spread broadcast over the entire earth. The write-up is so complimentary, is presented by such an oily-tongued solicitor, and appeals to so many of the weaknesses of the individual who is approached, that it is hard for him to turn down the canvasser, and in nine cases out of ten an order is secured, unless the customer has been there before a few times.

What I say here about special editions, which are said to belong to the grafting part of the business, is intended to be of a general nature and not to apply to the Gazette in particular. This paper has been conservative in regard to such things, and has always endeavored to give its constituents the worth of their

money when attempting or fathering an enterprise of this kind. The Gazette's Eightieth Anniversary Number, a special edition issued November 20, 1899, in magazine form on book paper, illustrated with fine half-tones, was especially a worthy number. Copies of it could yet be sold, at a premium, if they were obtainable, but every copy was sold out soon after publication. I had the honor to edit this edition.

A UNIQUE CHARACTER.

Several special editions of the Gazette were gotten out by Colonel M. L. DeMalher, one of the old-timers, who was connected with the staff of the paper off and on for a number of years, and he was one of the most unique characters and greatest geniuses ever attached to the paper in any capacity. He was a linguist, a traveler, an artist, a geologist, a soldier, and a writer. His contributions were usually signed "Potomac," a pseudonym well known outside of as well as in this State. He did a world of writing of a very high character for the Gazette, extending over many years, which I am sorry to say was not properly appreciated or rewarded; and likewise, his services to the State in locating and advertising mineral and other resources were never acknowledged as they merited being. He had actually walked through every county in the State. He was peculiar in appearance and manners, but as he was exceedingly polite, instructive

in conversation, extremely deferential to women, and loved children, he was a favorite in many homes. He had written up almost every county in the State, and his statements in regard to minerals, clays, coals, and timbers were often accepted as authoritative. He advertised the State by word of mouth and with his pen, and never ceased to sing her praises until death closed his flashing eyes, stayed his busy hand and silenced his loquacious tongue, at Harrison, Arkansas, in 1895. He was a German by birth, was understood to have come from a fine family, but his early life was evidently a mystery, and, although perhaps reared in luxury, he died penniless. Mr. Damon Clark, a former newspaper man, and an old friend, buried him and placed a modest stone over his grave, bearing a brief tribute in the names of several of us who keenly felt his loss. The State of Arkansas should erect a monument to the memory of this man.

His style of composition was original, but was not popular. His sentences were complex, long-drawn-out and burdened with foreign words and idioms. As the boys would say, he beat all around the bush in telling a story. The compositors despised his copy, and what they called it, after the disrespectful manner of thoughtless printers, would not look well in print. Some puffed-up writers and editors would feel mighty cheap if they heard the merciless criticisms which sarcastic printers pass upon their copy.

I remember only one other man who contributed to the Gazette, whose copy was so hard to set in type, as that of DeMalher's, and that was the late Colonel Sam W. Williams, who wrote many able articles for the paper in a most miserable scrawl, and for setting which the compositors demanded compensation to the amount of fifty per cent above the scale. (This was before the typewriter came into such general use in the preparation of newspaper copy.)

Extras.

The Gazette is at present a six-day paper, but a Monday paper is booked to be started on November 19, 1906, to celebrate the paper's eighty-seventh anniversary, and the Gazette will then be issued every day in the year. I am not in favor of a seven-day paper, but the times and outside competition seem to demand it. Sunday's paper, gotten up on Saturday night and issued about five in the morning, is the big issue, that day's paper containing about twice the number of pages, and about three times as much advertising, in dollars and cents, as week-day issues. When something big occurred on Sunday, such as a battle during war times, a bad railroad wreck, a disastrous fire, or a great storm, an "extra" would be gotten out in order to fulfill what we considered our duty to give the subscriber the news,

and also in order that we might not be "scooped" by other papers. The Associated Press operator of late has worked on Sunday night taking the news from the wire, though the report may not be used, in order that an important item might not be lost.

At first we only issued these "extras" to those who bought them, but later it was decided to send them gratuitously to all subscribers, and it was a service especially appreciated.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES OR EXCHANGES.

It has been our custom to exchange with all the other newspapers of the State, including about two hundred weekly publications. The difference in our subscription rate is always supposed to be paid by advertising the Gazette in other newspapers, but

the rule has not been strictly enforced. The first thing the little cross-roads or county publication does when it is started is to write to the Gazette for an "exchange," and about the next thing it does is to criticise its city contemporary. It is doubtful if some of the local sheets could exist without the Gazette, which furnishes them the State and political news, and is as important to them as their "patent insides," and yet the most of them are very prone to find fault with the paper. Some of them think they could conduct the Gazette a great deal better than it is being run, and maybe they could, for some of the members of the Arkansas rural press are very bright men. They are compelled to be alert and be men of many talents. Think what the country editor must know. He must edit the paper, look after the advertising, estimate on job work, and be man-of-all-work, often putting the matter in type himself.

A great many authorities declare that the country newspaper office is the place for a man to start out to climb the journalistic ladder, and that is where I started, as already stated; but all who start there do not, unfortunately, become famous, or else I might be so.

The newspaper men of the State nearly all belong to the Arkansas Press Association, which has done much good, especially in a fraternal way. The annual meeting is usually wound up with an excursion to

some appropriate point, and these are always enjoyable occasions. It has been said that the Arkansas editors are the greatest excursionists in the world. John R. Jobe, of Little Rock, one of the cleverest of men, has been corresponding secretary of the association for seventeen years, and no society ever had a better secretary.

CHAPTER VIII.

My Promotion.

As soon as I had learned to write shorthand and to finger the typewriter a little, I was transferred from the mailing department to the business office, as assistant subscription clerk and stenographer. "Stenographer" in our office in those days, however, meant that the person who held that responsible and high-sounding position must be a little bit of everything, and principally office boy, but this was, I considered, a good opportunity for me, and I grasped it with alacrity, not minding at all if they did put O. B. behind my name on the payroll.

My first assignment of work was to file about a month's accumulation of letters, and ever since filing letters is one of the first things an office boy is required to do when he goes to work in this office. I was then gradually broken in to writing letters from dictation, and later on was sometimes given, in addition, all kinds of matter to write, such as special news, telegrams and advertising write-ups; and when work was slack in the office, I was sent out to collect subscription bills. I was expected to do any old thing, so that I was never allowed to be idle and time never hung heavily on my hands. The manager was a

newspaper correspondent also, representing the Globe-Democrat of St. Louis particularly, and, as he occasionally gave me his specials to write from dictation, I thus obtained valuable experience and knowledge along that line, for which I should be thankful, and am, as the practice served me well when, in later years, I became a correspondent myself for several large city newspapers, and thus added considerably to my income.

I am conscious that I made many mistakes, but the manager was always kind to me and patient with my shortcomings.

I learned to interview people through my shorthand, and having read that the great novelist, Dickens, learned shorthand and thus became a celebrated reporter in the English Parliament, I desired to emulate him, and at first relied much on phonography, but I afterward discovered that this kind of reporting was almost useless in our office, except in exceptional cases, where it was absolutely necessary to get a man's exact language, as in taking the testimony of a witness in court; that the interviewer and reporter must do a lot of thinking, and that the most valuable man to a newspaper office is the one who is capable of rapidly making a running report of a speech or interview, getting the meat out of the subject without having to transcribe the matter from notes. According to my experience, the

training of the shorthand man to take down everything by sound interferes with the making of the journalist, who should only grasp that which is important or interesting. The ordinary man's mind cannot well be trained to do both of these things, and therefore a stenographer is one thing and a reporter is another. They are distinct callings.

I remember that I was once sent to get a verbatim interview from the late Colonel Logan H. Roots, in regard to his being spoken of as a probable candidate for vice president of the United States on the Republican ticket. Colonel Roots very plainly had the bee buzzing around his head, and he received quite a boom for the position, but could not knock the persimmon. He was very nice to me when I called—in fact, he was extremely polite to everybody—but he paid very little attention to my interrogations. He was willing to be interviewed through the paper, but he wished to furnish both the questions and the answers, which he proceeded to do, and was allowed the privilege of doing. In a case like this merely a stenographer was needed.

In passing, let me say that when Colonel Logan H. Roots died the newspaper men of Arkansas lost one of their best friends. This great man—he was great in more ways than one—sometimes used the scribes to further his ends, but he never failed to reward the newspaper liberally for any service rendered him. He was not at all backward about asking a newspaper

man to print what he wanted to appear, but he would always give an order for a sufficient quantity of papers containing the item to make it profitable. He would, and frequently did, write personals about himself and others, embellished with numerous complimentary adjectives, but an order for a liberal supply of papers invariably accompanied the item; and no special edition or general write-up of the city ever appeared, or few advertising schemes were ever put out in his day, that did not contain an advertisement of the First National Bank, Logan H. Roots, president. This was long before the Retail Merchants Association was organized and sat in judgment on such enterprises, and advertising schemes were more numerous than now. Then, every Christmas some of the reporters would receive a little memento from him, and on New Year's Day the carrier boy who delivered his paper was usually the recipient of a nice little sum of money at his hands.

In this connection, the late Major John D. Adams, father of Captain Sam B. Adams, and Mr. Dean Adams, of Little Rock, who for years was a director in the company, should also be honorably mentioned. He was a great friend to the carrier boys, and almost invariably presented a five-dollar gold piece to the boy on the Gazette route when he delivered the customary New Year's Greeting to him. This gift amounted to one-half of the yearly subscription price

of the paper at that time, and would be a larger percentage of same now, since the subscription price has been reduced from $10.00 to $6.50 per annum. Many a boy has blessed Major John D. Adams, and his like may never be known again. He formerly owned the paper himself, and his son, Captain Sam, told me that he sank in it about $40,000.00 above what he got for it when he sold the property.

The once popular carriers' New Year's address has in recent year practically died out, but the custom is still observed in some places.

CHAPTER IX.

H. G. Allis and His Sad Reverses—Installation of a Perfecting Press.

HORACE G. ALLIS was the principal owner of the Gazette when I became connected with it, but I did not become acquainted with him for some time afterward. The first time I saw him was during the presidential election in November, 1884, when Cleveland was elected. There was a great deal of enthusiasm in Little Rock and Arkansas over the election of a Democrat to succeed a Republican. On the night of the election the returns were in great demand. Mr. Allis stood on a platform at the corner of Markham and Scott streets, where the Gazette office was then located, and read bulletins to a vast crowd that had congregated there. The impression made on me then by him was lasting. He struck me as being a fine looking man. His voice was splendid, and as he read the election bulletins he could be heard a block away.

His presence was dignified and commanding, and he won my boyish admiration. He at that time, or soon afterward, held a position as auditor of the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Railway Company, which since has changed its name to the St. Louis

Southwestern, and is known as the "Cotton Belt" route. His office was in St. Louis. He later became cashier of a St. Louis bank, and I can remember that the paper was not a financial success in those days, and it was said that when the office ran short of money, it was the custom to draw a draft on Allis for necessary funds. These drafts were usually for $500.00 to $600.00 each. He visited us occasionally and went over the affairs of the concern. I have never come in contact with any man who had as great a capacity for business and figures as he. He apparently could carry the entire contents of a mammoth ledger in his head.

Mr. Allis returned to Little Rock in a few years, and had prospered well. In fact, at one time he was probobly better advanced on the road to wealth and fame than any man in Arkansas. He controlled the First National Bank, of which he was president, the Capital Theater, and other enterprises. He held a majority of the stock of the Little Rock Street Railway Company, and it is claimed by his friends that at least some of the credit for Little Rock's great street railway system is due to him. Although he did not perfect it, and got no benefit from it, it is believed that he set in motion the work which resulted in the present fine plant and equipment before he lost control of the property; and probably the financing of this gigantic enterprise was the very

thing which brought subsequent disaster to him by causing him to overreach himself.

He was recognized as a financier, looked up to as a model of the self-made man, and was often called on to address the young men on college commencement occasions. He was also very popular personally. But he was too ambitious. My father was afraid that I had this weakness. He cautioned me to have a care, reminding me that unbridled ambition was dangerous. This warning was not applicable to me, for I have been as a snail; but this man wanted to soar like an eagle, and needed such advice. He had a good old uncle who thought so also, and who gave him the advice, but he paid no attention to him. This uncle was Colonel George W. Atkins, as fine an old gentleman as ever lived, and who was quite a friend of mine. Many a time he talked to me about "Horry," as he affectionately called Mr. Allis, and, with tears in his eyes, would utter regret at his nephew's seeming daring in taking great financial burdens on his shoulders. Colonel Atkins died soon after Mr. Allis' troubles came up, and I have no doubt that they hastened his death, although he had reached the allotted three score years and ten. He claimed to be the oldest subscriber to the Gazette, having taken the paper for about fifty years continuously. He was the grandfather of Miss Cummings, who became the wife of Hon. Sid B. Redding, and that gentleman continued the subscription of the paper in the name

of Colonel Atkins for some time, in order that the record might be unbroken. I suppose that few newspapers in the world can boast of such a complimentary long-time patronage by one man.

When Mr. Allis acquired a piece of property he, apparently, forthwith mortgaged it to obtain money with which to make some other investment. He had also accommodated many friends. Hard times overtook him and then came the great panic of 1893. He owed more than he could raise conveniently, I suppose. Ambition and pride may have run away with his judgment. He borrowed more money from the bank of which he was the executive head than he could at once repay, and at that time there was little money in circulation. Nobody who knows him well believes for a moment that any dishonesty was intended, for he was the soul of honor, and must have intended to pay back every cent borrowed; but he was accused of having kept some of his transactions from the knowledge of the directors in not entering all of them on the books of the institution. He doubtless wished to avoid any suspicion that might cause a loss of confidence in the concern and precipitate a run on it, believing that he would be amply able to take care of all his obligations shortly. But—oh, the irony of fate!—a bank examiner happened to step in at the wrong time, unjust accusations followed, everybody became scared, the bank was closed, other enterprises in which Allis was interested went under,

friends forsook him or were powerless to assist him, and he was tried, convicted and hurried off to a United States prison for a term of five years. It was a sad case. The usefulness of a man of parts, a prosperous, valuable man to the community, was spoiled, and misery followed. He lost everything in the wreck, and others lost too. He lost more than money and position. His health was shattered. His subsequent trials when liberated from prison, his disappointments in the Klondyke, where he hoped to recoup his broken fortunes, the loss of his wife later on, and other troubles, are well known to the public of Little Rock, and generally regretted.

THE FATE OF H. G. ALLIS.

(After "The Ballad of Reading Gaol.")

'T was said he wrecked a city bank
  And must be very bad,
But I never saw a man receive
  A prison sentence sad
With such a brave and manly air,
  Though driven almost mad.

They cast him, with most cruel hands,
  Into a convict's cell—
Degraded him by consignment to
  A dungeon worse than hell,
Where all he heard was the clang of chains
  And the criminal's awful yell.

They dressed him in a felon's garb
And fed him prison food;
They punished him at labor hard,
To suit the jailor's mood;
They broke a spirit great and proud
And did all hope exclude.

Yea, broke a spirit great and proud,
And tarnished a once fair name;
Then blasted hopes and embittered lives
Of others of fairest fame,—
And upset things and wounded hearts
Which never could be the same.

'T was all because of one misstep—
A foolish, thoughtless act.
He never intended to break the bank,
Or a cent of its funds extract;—
He simply borrowed hundreds more
Than he could replace intact.

The Law, like Death, loves a shining mark,
And often is quite unkind.
The Reaper, grim, steps in and slays—
The mills of Justice grind,
And others suffer pangs of grief
When these their victims find.

A thousand times, in many ways,
Were others worse than he;
The common thief and deceitful fraud
Still flourished merrily,
Yet *they escaped,* while *he was caught,*
By cruel Fate's decree.

Some men go up, and others down,
While onward wags the world;
Today 't is Smith who rules the town,
With banners all unfurled;
Tomorrow he may lose to Jones,
And to his doom be hurled.

Although never pretending to be an editor, Allis was a writer of considerable ability. I remember that in the spring of 1888 he had a controversy through the columns of the Gazette with the State Penitentiary Board, over the alleged mistreatment of State convicts, which was ably conducted on his side and produced matter from his pen which was exceedingly interesting reading. He went to the expense of wiring a several-column article from St. Louis to the paper on this question one night. This was known as the "Three Blind Mice" article, on account of his denominating the three penitentiary commissioners, which included the governor, as blind mice, because they had not posted themselves in regard to

the manner in which the prisoners were being handled by the penitentiary officials and guards, for which they were responsible. It was caustic, dashing, logical, humane and sensational. The question became an issue in the next gubernatorial campaign and helped to defeat a good man, the then governor, Simon P. Hughes, for reëlection. Mr. Allis was known to the public at that time merely as one of the stockholders of the company which controlled the paper. Judge John McClure, one of Arkansas' quaint and forcible Republican characters, known as "Poker Jack," remarked at the time that "Stockholder Allis ought to be promoted to the editorial corps."

Mr. George B. Allis, a brother of the subject of the above sketch, was also connected with the Gazette for a while, and I may say that I believe a better man than he never lived.

The late S. B. Smith was another good man who was connected with the business end of the paper during Mr. Allis' ownership.

INSTALLATION OF A PERFECTING PRESS.

In 1888 Mr. Allis purchased the old Benjamin Block, now owned by Little Rock's multi-millionaire, Judge F. M. Fulk, on Center and Markham streets, and built an annex behind it, next to the government property, to be occupied by the Gazette, and to which it was then removed, and the paper is still issued from

this three-story building. A web perfecting press was then bought and installed, and Mr. Allis took a great deal of pride in showing this press to visitors. It was the first perfecting press brought to the State, and thousands visited the place at night to see it in operation and to watch the making of the matrix impressions formed from the type in the stereotyping process of casting curved plates. The press was a wonder to the people, but it was in reality more of a wonder than it seemed. It was a secondhand machine, one of the first of the Hoe four- and eight-plate presses. It was about thirty feet in length, with the folder, looking more like a threshing machine than the present standard of press, and had an endless number of cogs and tapes on it. It was out of date in style, but it was constructed of fine materials and could not easily be worn out, lasting the paper for fifteen years. Its capacity was five thousand four- or eight-page papers per hour, folded. Up to this time, the paper had been printed on a two-revolution press, instead of being printed from stereotyped curved plates and a continuous roll of paper, as now. The former press was fed by hand, a sheet at a time, the paper being printed on one side and then run through again to receive the impression on the other side. It was a slow process.

The press installed in 1888 was replaced in February, 1903, by a modern one, a Potter web perfecter, which would print sixteen pages at once. This press

is now becoming infirm and inadequate, too. The displaced press was so antiquated in style that it could not be sold as a printing press and had to be disposed of as old metal to the junk dealer. I made the trade and saw it smashed up with the sledge hammer. It originally cost about $10,000.00 and when discarded as junk brought exactly $135.15. I was attached to the machine, and disliked to see it go in this way, for it was like parting forever with an old friend, but it could not be helped. The gentle reader may be able to imagine how this sordid transaction touched my tender heart after reading the following pathetic rhymes which the occasion inspired:

ODE (?) ON A DISCARDED PRINTING PRESS.

Oh, thou old press, thy time has come,
At last, alas! thy race is run,
And thou must to thy end succumb,
For now thy printing work is done.

All things on this terrestrial sphere
Must one day come to such a fate—
Will be supplanted—disappear—
To make room for the "up-to-date."

For fifteen years thou servest well
The purposes for thee destined,
Till other presses did excel,
And swifter wheels left thee behind.

Expectant readers long had cried
For more dispatch—for greater speed—
In serving them with what transpired—
With all the latest news to read.
At last there came a faster press!
Requiescat in pace, poor press.

CHAPTER X.

The Editorial Department—D. A. Brower and Others.

MR. D. A. BROWER was the editor of the Gazette when I favored it by connecting myself with it. He was a mild-mannered gentleman and a good, common-sense writer, little given to flowery productions, but, when aroused, sarcasm and irony were powerful weapons in his hands. He gave the people forcible and substantial mental pabulum, and safely guided the paper over many shoals. He was a free silver advocate, and his "dollar of the daddies" articles were strong arguments for his side of the question. Another hobby of his was "high license" as a means of regulating the whisky traffic. He got into a very heated controversy on the subject of the Three-Mile Liquor Law with Dr. A. R. Winfield, a very brilliant, popular and influential divine, who was then the editor of the "Arkansas Methodist" of Little Rock. This led to a personal difficulty on the street between Mr. Brower and Mr. Ed Winfield, son of the editor of the religious paper, now an able circuit judge at Little Rock, who considered that Mr. Brower had reflected upon and unduly criticised his father.

THE LATE D. A. BROWER.

The Rev. Winfield was a very aggressive writer, and I am inclined to think that if he did not provoke the discussion he certainly prolonged it. He printed in the Methodist a number of charges and specifications against the Gazette and its editor, which Mr. Brower replied to and declared contained "slanders and falsehoods by the wholesale."

The editor of the Methodist charged the editor of the Gazette, who was conducting a Democratic newspaper, with having been a Republican, "the time and place of whose conversion to Democracy was less known than the burial place of Moses;" that he hurled his poisoned arrows at every reform, and was ever on the side of bad government; that he tried to deliver the control of affairs over to whisky drinkers, poker players and Sabbath breakers; that the management of the paper had obtained business by false pretenses, in misstating, misrepresenting and grossly exaggerating the paper's circulation; that the paper was unstable and unreliable, in having been on both sides of the Three-Mile Law, first for it and then against it, and had the same record in regard to the Occupation Tax, a new constitution and other questions, etc.

Mr. Brower's editorial in reply was a bitter arraignment, covering almost a page of space, and was headed, "Is This Man Without Shame, Drunk, or Crazy?" He took up each charge of the indictment separately and entered a denial in toto to each and all, stating that they were Winfieldian hogwash, of an unsavory

brand, inspired by malignity and senility; that their author was as ignorant as a mule on questions of journalism; that he knew nothing of Democracy, and if he ever read the Ten Commandments he had abandoned them for the Gospel of Hate; that he had certainly forgotten the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," etc. I quote Mr. Brower's reply to the doubt expressed as to his Democracy:

"The editor of the Gazette is not distressed about the quality of his Democracy. The doctrines given out in the Gazette as Democracy are the doctrines he has held and advocated all his life. He has abundant reasons for knowing they are indorsed by the Democracy of Arkansas. If any person has told Brother Winfield that the editor of the Gazette, at any time, ever voted a Republican ticket, or ever voted any other than a Democratic ticket, when political issues were involved, that person was either grossly mistaken or told Brother Winfield a stupid falsehood. If Brother Winfield desires to make the charge his own, he, and not some informant, is the stupid falsifier. We give him the option—a courtesy always extended to the pure in heart, who are without guile and malice, and whose bosoms overflow with the milk of human kindness.

"No one personally acquainted with the editor of the Gazette will question any statement of fact he makes.

"To have one's Democracy questioned by a political guerrilla like Brother Winfield tends to inspire a feeling of disgust akin to that which must have been felt in his dying agonies by the man who, escaping unharmed after facing destruction on a hundred battlefields, was kicked to death by a mule."

Mr. Brower was quite a society man, led the german, and was always at the service of the aspiring social debutante. I shall always remember him by a peculiar way he had of placing the fingers of both his hands and striking them together, especially when talking.

Regretted by nearly all who knew him, Mr. Brower died of consumption, July 18, 1893, in Colorado, where he had gone in the hope of regaining his waning health. We sent to his funeral a magnificent floral wreath, on which was worked in flowers the figures "30," symbolical of the last "take" or piece of copy, as designated in the printing office. A special escort was also sent to accompany the remains to their last resting place beside his mother in an Ohio cemetery.

Mr. Brower had always been kind to me. He encouraged me to write a weekly column of miscellaneous comment for the paper, which I kept up for quite a while, and he taught me much about the business.

E. L. GIVENS.

After Mr. Brower's death E. L. Givens, formerly editor of the Little Rock Press, took charge of the editorial end of the paper. He was a careful, earnest, conservative, well-balanced editor and a smooth writer, who gave the Gazette good service for several years, when he left the paper to establish the Batesville Guard, which he still conducts, although holding a position in the Senate of the United States, as one of the assistant secretaries.

ED S. NEWTON.

One of the many prominent young Little Rockers of the present generation who carried papers for the Gazette during my first years with it, and who was later a reporter on the paper, is Ed S. Newton, son of E. C. Newton, for twenty-five years or more manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company in the same city. Ed stated to me recently, when on a visit to his home, that the happiest days of his life were when he got up at four o'clock every morning to carry a route on the Gazette for $1.75 per week. He is now the bright city editor of the Shreveport (Louisiana) Times.

SMALL DEATH RECORD IN THE GAZETTE OFFICE.

It has been seldom that death has entered the ranks of the force of this paper, that of Mr. Brower being the first notable one in any department during a long term of years, although our office and the business are not considered healthy.

HERBERT AND W. E. FLOYD.

Except that of the late S. W. Sides, who was connected with the office for only a short time, the only other death of a man in the service that I can

recall in twenty years was that of Herbert Floyd, bookkeeper in the office, who died of typhoid fever. He was the brother-in-law of W. M. Kavanaugh, and a young man of promise. He was one of the gentlest and purest minded boys that I ever knew. His brother, W. E. Floyd, now secretary of the Arkansas Railroad Commission, filled the same position in the office a little later. He is one of the brightest and wittiest young men in Little Rock.

DICKISON BRUGMAN.

I well remember the day Dickison Brugman stepped into the office for the first time, about twenty years ago. He came from St. Louis, right from the Globe-Democrat, bringing with him all the up-to-date ideas of the journals of that great newspaper center. He had quite a dapper appearance; his boyish-looking form was dressed in a trim suit of black, and he walked as erectly and stiffly as possible, smoking a cigar almost half as big as himself, he being small in stature—but large in brain. He was to take a position as reporter. He was alert, active and enterprising, and his eagle eye and keen nose for news could always find something interesting to write about. Then, after locating the item, his facile pencil never failed to dish it up in entertaining style. His idol and model among newspaper men was the late J. B. McCullagh, whom he had worked with on the Globe-Democrat. He was

the very capable editor of the paper from 1900 to 1902, and afterward engaged in the life insurance business. He is now the manager of the Little Rock bureau of the Memphis Commercial Appeal; also State exchange editor on the Gazette.

Although sometimes erroneously accused by his enemies of having Republican tendencies, Mr. Brugman fought many good fights for Democracy through the Gazette. For years after the civil war the horrors of the reconstruction period and the fear of negro domination afforded a rally-cry for Democrats, and the same is true at this good day. Mr. Brugman, in his youth, lived through those dark and troublesome days following the war, and, being familiar with the history of the State and its public affairs, he was well qualified to do effective work in battling for Democracy. It was he whom Governor Jeff Davis dubbed the chief of the Arkansas squirrel-head editors.

Mr. Brugman tells me that the newspaper was always a magnet to which he was attracted. In 1862, when a boy twelve years of age, he says he spent most of his spare time at the Gazette office, which was then located at Second and Scott streets, now occupied by the Board of Trade building. At that time the editor was Christopher Columbus Danley, the old Mexican war veteran, with whom "Dick" Brugman, as he is familiarly called, was a favorite. When Editor Danley received a letter

DICKISON BRUGMAN.

reporting the details of the battle of Oak Hills, in which Omer R. Weaver and General Lyon were killed, he printed an extra, and "Dick" was the newsboy that sold copies of it on the streets. He states that his profits on the sales of the extras were $13.25 in Confederate shinplasters, and this was the first money he ever earned.

CHAPTER XI.

Early Experiences as a Reporter—Knocked Out by a Tough Assignment.

I HAD served some time in the business office, in various capacities, including that of collector and solicitor, when I was finally promoted to the position of bookkeeper and cashier. My salary had been increased by easy stages, and never too rapidly to suit me, until finally my weekly stipend assumed respectable proportions, and I found myself in the possession of an income which in my younger days I would have considered immense. However, I became somewhat weary of the humdrum of my work in poring over ledgers, cash books and journals, adding up columns of figures, making out trial balances, and rendering dry accounts, monthly statements, etc., and the insane desire to get into the editorial department, which had taken possession of me years before, broke out again in a new place and interfered with my peace of mind. I believed that there was the place to climb the newspaper ladder, and, strange to say, I felt, as I have already stated, that slumbering within me there was talent for journalism and literature, which I thought could be cultivated better there. I was finally gratified by being given a trial. I quit the business

office one morning, and in the afternoon of the same day the city editor took me with him to make the rounds of the city, county and State offices, the courts, hotels and railroad offices. Where we have about six reporters now, one reporter then was expected to "clean up the streets" and to cover the entire city for news, and he must get acquainted and be busy. In other words, he must "dig." I was to report everything in sight, from a dog fight to a State convention, write personals, social items, run to fires, and correct market reports. It wasn't as easy as I had imagined. I sweat blood profusely and was worn out each day during the first week before I got up as much copy as would fill two or three columns, and sometimes was kept on the go so much that I did not have time to eat or sleep. It didn't take me long to conclude that it was real work, and hard work at that. I found it very disagreeable, too, and often difficult to obtain some kinds of information.

On the second day a doctor pounced down on me like a thousand o' brick for writing too much about something, and a day or two afterward I had a round with the police sergeant because I wanted to dig deeper into the mysteries of the police docket than he thought I ought to, and asked too many questions about fictitious names appearing there.

I will mention an early experience or two, although the remembrance of them is somewhat humiliating:

The first assignment in the shape of a public meeting which I tackled was the City Council, during Mayor W. G. Whipple's administration. It was also the first time that I was ever present at a council meeting, and I got "rattled," as the saying is. An honest confession is said to be good for the soul, and I will 'fess up as to what a verdant reporter I was! I started in to make notes of everything, but, although Little Rock aldermen are considered slow, except when they take a notion to railroad a franchise ordinance through, the business was dispatched so rapidly that I was soon left behind, and the truth of the matter is that I got very little. I didn't know what to use and what to discard, and as I was conscious of the fact that it was necessary for me to make haste in order to get my report ready for the paper, I was in a devil of a pickle. What made matters worse, instead of using a note book, which I had in my pocket all the time, I made my notes, partly in shorthand and partly in longhand, on some sheets of paper which I found lying on the reporters' table in the council chamber. I neglected to number the pages, got them mixed up, and the result was that I could not make heads or tails of the stuff. A reporter for another paper, who sat opposite me, and an alderman and the city attorney, who occupied seats near my right, "eyed" me continually, and I fancied all the time that they had me sized up for a greenhorn. After the

adjournment of the meeting I went to the clerk and requested him to permit me to examine an ordinance which had been passed, but he made some excuse, and as it was important that I learn as much about it as possible, that gave me another setback.

I finally made up my mind before leaving that infernal council room, in which so many jobs are said to have been put up to rob the poor public, that if I survived that report I would never attempt the work again, but my faint heart was revived, and I did report subsequent sittings successfully. With the assistance of the city editor I scratched and patched up the report referred to, and it was sent to the foreman. I was afraid of making mistakes, and confidently expected the mayor and members of the council to mob me the next morning or jerk me up before the next meeting and send me to the calaboose; but I was told that the report showed up all right, and the reporter for the afternoon paper copied it, except the headlines, *verbatim et literatim,* just as the same paper frequently copies from the Gazette to this good day.

I put in some time on routine reporting, and there seemed to be no particular objection to my work, although sometimes my copy was blue-penciled. I was so proud of what I had written that I cut out every line of it that appeared in print and kept the items in a scrap book, but I have since destroyed that record of my work, with much contempt.

I enjoyed a great many courtesies and privileges not accorded to "common people." A reporter on a paper in those days was a big man, petted and flattered almost to death, and invited to almost everything, from the "dead swell" events to the policemen's ball.

OH, WHAT A NIGHT!

But I was to have a hard tussle in the fall of 1888. A big Republican ratification meeting and torchlight procession were given in honor of Harrison and Morton's election to the presidency, and I was to report same. I was instructed to make a synopsis of each speech delivered by the jubilant Republicans, as well as to describe the affair generally. Well, the celebration was pulled off according to schedule, and oh, what a night! I reviewed the big parade, which contained some 500 torch-bearers, largely composed of negroes, but including many boys, some with tin horns, others with huge rockets, transparencies, flags and banners. It also embraced a band and a drum corps, and there was a coffin drawn by two spans of mules, led by negroes in red shirts, carrying on their backs red covers bearing the inscription, "Poor Old Grover's Dead—Remains of Free Trade." Then came the speakers and other distinguished guests, in carriages.

I arrived at the hall of the House of Representatives in the statehouse, where the speaking was to take place, before the return of the procession, and took a seat at the reporters' table. In a few minutes the hall was filled, principally with colored people, and was in a few more minutes crowded to its utmost capacity. The negroes piled in around the speakers' stand, bringing with them their horns and rockets, and the noise made by the blasts of these devilish instruments and the voices of the jubilant radicals made a deafening din, and the heat of the hall was suffocating. The people could not be kept quiet while the speechmaking was in progress. Poor little me was soon buried among a writhing mass of negroes. It was about as near pandemonium as I ever expect to see, and I got so badly rattled that it was impossible for me to report the speeches. In dismay I dispatched a note to the city editor, asking that some one else be sent to handle the affair. My health was not good at the best, but at this time I had a severe headache, and, being worked up through my disappointment on account of not being better able to handle the matter, terribly disgusted and angered at being hooted at as the "kid reporter of that lying Democratic sheet, the Gazette," I was at a fever heat and shook like I had the ague. My head ached and throbbed so badly that I thought it would burst open. I decided that this kind of work was

not my forte; the god of news did not hover over me. The result was that in a day or two I took my old place back in the business office, and turned my back on that alleged brainery, the editorial department, perhaps forever.

I yearned for a long time to try my hand at startling the natives with my reportorial efforts, but

Laid Out by a Rough Reportorial Assignment.

wasn't a reporter long, thank goodness, and since then I have always sympathized with those poor fellows who have followed the news-chasing calling. I had intimated to the management divers and sundry times that I could increase the circulation thousands of copies by being allowed to tell the dear people,

in my supposed inimitable style, what had happened, but little attention was at first paid to my hankerings in this line. I now understand that the editors were better judges of reportorial timber than I was, and I find that the paper continues to struggle on without my aid in that department.

The knocks which I received in the editorial department did me good, however, and I do not in any way regret that I had the experience, although I did not prove to have much of "a nose for news."

CHAPTER XII.

A Nose for News.—Some Good Reporters, Etc.

AS to the "nose for news," much has been said and written about this imaginary reportorial sixth sense, or newspaper instinct, as if the commodity known as news must be sniffed or scented by an extraordinary kind of proboscis, like a bloodhound follows a trail and runs down his prey, instead of being naturally heard with the ears and seen through the eyes of the ordinary man of common sense. While some, of course, are better qualified by nature, temperament, inclination, education and habits of observation to follow the gentle art of news-gathering, I believe very little in the heaven-born-newspaper-man theory. What may be called natural aptitude must be developed. The student must learn to recognize a piece of news when he meets it and to be able to describe it in newspaper language; and almost anybody of average intelligence may learn to do these things if he wants to do so. I didn't want to do it, I found.

The Gazette has had connected with it during my term of service many smart, brainy, alert men as reporters, among them being: George R. Brown, who now confines his writing to boosting the city,

the Little Rock Board of Trade and its members, and who never failed to get what he went after when he was in the harness; the critical Harry Ricketts, who returned to Memphis; the irrepressible George W. Gunder, since removed to Indiana, who wrote poetry, as well as news stories; the inventive Charlie George, who, when he was short on actual news, was in the habit of manufacturing some out of the whole cloth of his fertile imagination, and who would think nothing of hatching out a half dozen "grapevine" specials at a sitting; the bright Richard H. Farquhar, whose pencil became palsied with paralysis; the foxy Dickison Brugman, who could come as near extracting the meat out of a good item for the reader or making an entertaining notice out of nothing as any man on earth; the eccentric but brainy and energetic Robert J. Brown, who would attempt any number of different kinds of things, from humor to tragedy, and who has doubtless started more papers in Arkansas than any other man, among them being the "Life," the "Arkansas Toothpick," the "Platform," and the "Choctaw;" the commanding W. M. Kavanaugh, whose fingers will ever itch to write, but whose constituents will insist on his going into politics, banking and baseball; the talented Fletcher Roleson, who basely deserted the newspaper for the law; the old reliable argus-eyed Farrelly Kimbell; little Ed Newton;

smiling Bob Blakeney; the hard-working Guy Bilheimer; the up-to-date Albert Belding; and latterly the tireless Scotchman, Donald Biggs, who is a chiel "amang ye takin' notes," and J. E. Langdon, one of the latest recruits, all of whom,

A Nose for News.

figuratively speaking, have or had noses for news. But there was a reporter attached to the paper for quite a while, up to about twelve years ago, who had the ability to gather news—took to it like ducks to water—and also had a nose connected to his

facial anatomy, which, in connection with his reportorial qualifications, might well be called a nose for news. His was the real thing in that line; it was something that could not be overlooked. Anybody who saw him, knowing his occupation, would naturally at once decide that his ought to be a nose for news if it wasn't, and among his associates and acquaintances it was a proverbial saying that he was a man who enjoyed that famous possession.

Boys, a nose for news is the necessary thing;
If you 're courting success in the paper biz,
Let the managing editor size your fiz,
And your fate at you he 'll very soon fling.

HARRY WATKINS.

A bright reporter, whom I must not slight, was the late Harry Watkins, who died, I think, in 1895, some time after leaving the Gazette, and whose remains I sorrowfully helped to carry to his last earthly resting place and lower into the grave. He was a good-hearted, clever boy, delicate in constitution, and of small stature. I remember hearing him tell a joke on himself. He was given an assignment to go to Camden on one occasion to report some public gathering. He repaired to a hotel and after going to his room rang for some water. The boy

who brought it to him, seeing him for the first time, gave a start and exclaimed: "Oh, boss, you scared me; please take that false face off."

Poor Harry! It was at his late mother's house that I roomed for several months after I left my first lodging house, and it was there that I lay during the only serious illness that I ever had. Mrs. Watkins nursed me like a mother, and I here make acknowledgment of deep obligation to this good-hearted woman for her attention to me. It was during this sickness that I had a practical lesson to the effect that the "milk of human kindness" remains uncurdled in many breasts, for not only did my landlady nurse me when I was helpless, but my lady friends converted the rooms occupied by myself and my roommate, Frank Paoli, into a bower of roses with their floral offerings; and I was the recipient of more sweetmeats than six invalids could make away with, to say nothing of sweet words of comfort and condolence. The office, by the way, was good enough to send me my salary every Saturday, the same as when I was working.

GUY BILHEIMER.

I think Guy Bilheimer succeeded Harry Watkins as a reporter on the paper. He started out on the Democrat as a recruit in the service, and the threatened libel suits which he innocently got the paper

into, as also the Gazette when he was promoted to a position on it, was a caution. But, to the point. One night during the late Judge J. D. Kimbell's fatal illness in 1901, Farrelly Kimbell, then news editor, was at his father's bedside; and Mr. Brugman, the editor, was suddenly called to St. Louis. Guy Bilheimer was the sole occupant of the editorial room on that night, except the telegraph operator. Guy was as full of business as a dog is of fleas and had an air of importance about him which suggested that he was "It," and reminded one of Governor Jeff Davis engaged in writing out pardons. He wrote heads for Associated Press dispatches with one hand, local items with the other, and talked over the telephone to correspondents, and cussed the foreman all at one and the same time. "Gee whiz," said he, about eleven o'clock, "if a fire should break out now, how would I cover it? And there's that religious meeting at the Presbyterian Church, a wedding, a burglary, and the Lord knows what else, to write up. My, but ain't I in it? They can't floor me, though. Unless hell breaks loose, I'll get the paper out all right." And he did.

The making of a "bull," as reportorial and typographical mistakes are called, caused some of Guy's friends to insist on changing his name from Bilheimer to Bull-heimer.

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A NEWSPAPER MAN.

Some people do not have the proper respect for the newspaper man. While on a visit to my folks, in Texas, I was all swelled up one day with the supposed importance of the newspaper business, and was indulging in a little braggadocio, when my father thought he would take me down a peg or two. He accordingly delivered himself of this weighty opinion on the subject:

"The average newspaper man doesn't often possess any of the qualifications of a true journalist or a literary man, but is generally found to be a windy fellow, with no ideas of his own, but lots of gall to extract and some gab to describe, in mighty poor English, other people's ideas. Natural talent is not so much a necessity with him as a pair of big ears, to catch on to, and quick fingers to jot down, plenty of brass to enable him to stick his nose into other people's business, and a pair of long shears with which to clip other men's thunder. I know there are many honorable exceptions to the class described, and I would wish you to emulate them."

CHAPTER XIII.

Reporting a Speaking Tour—Serving a New Boss.

DURING my long connection with the Gazette I have had the good fortune to meet and receive courtesies at the hands of most of Arkansas' public men. Our office, located on Center street, is practically surrounded by the city, county, State and United States offices, the Statehouse being one-half block north of us, the custom house and post office next to us on the south, with only a grassplot intervening; the city hall a block away, to the east, and the County Courthouse being on the next block from us, to the west. Most of the various officials are frequent visitors at the Gazette office, and, of course, we constantly have more or less intercourse with many of them. Then the two leading hotels, the Capital and Gleason's, at one or the other of which all the visiting magnates stop or visit the lobbies of, are nearby and in close touch.

While nearly all of my newspaper life has been spent in the business office before and since I tried reporting, I have frequently had to fill in a gap when a man was short, or have accidentally covered in an humble way, as best I could, numerous light reportorial assignments. So that I may say that I have

had opportunities enough to keep my hand in. I could recite numerous experiences in this line, but, in order that I may not string these reminiscences over too much space, I shall only refer to a few which, for some personal reason, or by chance, may bob up first or most opportunely in my memory as I write. Look for no great "beats," however, as I cannot speak of making any.

In the summer of 1892 a very pleasant and agreeable assignment as special correspondent was given me, which really afforded me a fine outing. This was to follow the candidates for governor and report the campaign. W. M. Fishback, of Fort Smith, had received the Democratic nomination; W. G. Whipple, of Little Rock, was the Republican candidate, and J. P. Carnahan, of Cane Hill, was put out by the Greenback party. The latter party, though dead now, was very strong in Arkansas at that time.

The campaign opened up at Searcy, White County, in what was called a joint debate between Fishback and Carnahan. (Whipple did not enter the spouting contest until two weeks later.) The chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee was present to start off the fireworks. He was Judge Joseph W. House, then a director of the Gazette Company, and one of the drollest men in the world—as well as one of the best. He enjoyed a joke, and thought I was a good subject to play one on. The speaking tour was to take in the mountain towns of the northern

part of the State after leaving Searcy. These places were off the railroads, and a great many moonshiners and other outlaws were supposed to dwell up there. When the time came to leave he walked up to me, bade me good-by, and in the most solemn way, said he was sorry, but he never expected to see me alive again; that it was too bad that the Gazette had sent out a young boy like me on such a trip, as the moonshiners who infested the hills would be sure to take me for a revenue officer and put a bullet through me. I didn't know him very well then and thought it might be a little risky. I bought a pistol and carried it conveniently in my hind pocket. It was a 32-caliber Smith & Wesson, and A. L. Smith, of Little Rock—now a well-known alderman of the city—a member of the party, joked me considerably about carrying a toy popgun like that. This Mr. Smith is full of good humor and is a natural mixer. His knack of getting along with strangers, his persistence in getting something to eat for the crowd and in others ways, served us well.

Colonel Fishback, Mr. Smith, and I, together with a driver, rode in a two-seated conveyance daily for over two weeks through the mountains. Professor Carnahan followed us in a single rig. It was a very enjoyable trip and I retain many amusing and interesting memories of it. Smith is a good singer, having a strong baritone voice, and the hours consumed in driving between points were often whiled

away in song, led by him. One day when all were fatigued after riding several hours, Colonel Fishback started up the good old hymn the first line of which runs, "How tedious and tasteless the hours," and that hymn was sung hundreds of times. The roads in places were very rough and our driver seemed to strike all the rocks and stumps in sight with great precision and regularity, and after a lull in conversation and we had had a good shaking up, the song would be resorted to again, Colonel Fishback always emphasizing the lines "Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers have all lost their sweetness for me."

We were treated with great respect at every town we visited, and the Gazette man, by invitation, usually participated in every courtesy shown to the governor. The entertainment offered us and the duty which I had to discharge to the paper in sending in reports from the front, and such subscribers as I could pick up (I was urged not to forget the latter) kept me as busy as a cranberry merchant.

Governor Fishback was a dignified, courteous, scholarly man, but he was not a fierce campaigner. He made practically the same speech at every appointment, varying little more than the introduction and peroration or the poetical quotation which he delighted to use. He paid a great deal of attention to the Republican high protective tariff, and one of his pet sayings in regard to same was that it was

"turning out millionaires at one end and paupers at the other." Smith and I joked a great deal about the way in which he figuratively turned out these millionaires and paupers at each appointment. His opponents sometimes attacked him bitterly, but he showed no resentment and went on with his set speech. It was a good speech, however. One day I tried to prod him up to the point of showing fight, but there was nothing doing in that line. "Young man," he said, "never allow yourself to be put on the defensive or to be made angry in public debate." He won out, with a large majority.

Governor Fishback's voice was not strong, and in order to keep his throat clear, he was in the habit of taking Jamaica ginger in his drinking water. He swallowed large quantities of this beverage while speaking, and several times he asked me to go and buy him a renewal supply of the stuff.

Professor Carnahan was a good man, but was apparently saturated with the foolish idea that he was a great commoner or a Cincinnatus, whose duty it was to save the poor people, who were being ground to the earth by the iron heels of monopolists and aristocrats, which continues to be a popular hue and cry.

He was dressed like a farmer and the exact opposite in everything of the dignified Fishback, who wore a Prince Albert coat and a silk hat. Carnahan was very poor; he had no party campaign

fund, was a terrible demagogue or extremely penurious. In traveling, when he came to a branch or stream of water, on two occasions he himself washed out his discarded soiled shirt and dried it as we traveled through the woods by hanging it up on the side of the conveyance. One of these shirts was black in color, and flying from the side of the buggy, it might have been taken for a war flag or a sign of distress or the plague.

I remember at one point I had to bribe a telegraph operator to wire in my report because it was after six o'clock, and then read every word of it to him as he sent it, because he didn't have intelligence enough to read it and had never handled a news special before.

I thought I did wonders on this trip by bringing back with me to the office the expense money with which I had been provided and more besides, the amount of my expenditures and the overplus having been collected in subscriptions to the paper.

SERVING A NEW BOSS.

Allow a slight digression here, while I refer to a matter on which my mind delights to dwell. I was very much in love at this period. En route home, via Batesville, I remember that Arthur Neill, a fine young fellow, who shortly before the time of writing this died a sad and untimely death, with

others, met the party late in the afternoon about two miles out of Batesville to escort us to town and bring our mail. He was the bearer to me of a very interesting letter from my sweetheart. We tarried for a while in the woods to rest and chat, and I got out of the conveyance and sat on a log under a tree by the roadside to reply to my letter with a note, to be mailed at the nearest post office.

The country thereabouts is mountainous and beautiful. The sun in all its majesty and beauty was descending behind the everlasting hills in the distance, the sweet words contained in the missive which I had gotten and the reverberation ringing in my ears of the "Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers" of the song which we had been engaged in singing filled my soul with ecstasy. Up to this time I belonged heart and soul to the Gazette, but now I was to serve another mistress also, although it has been said that a man cannot serve two masters or mistresses.

Pardon the insertion in such a prosaic history of this rude evidence of the romantic passion then controlling me:

A SONNET (?) TO MY LOVE.

I view'd her image,—mirror'd in the brook,—
  Her face in every flower; all day long
  I heard the echo of a voice in song,
From sweetest lips that man e'r kisses took;
And her blue eyes I saw, with loving look,
  Quite well—in my imagination, strong,—
  As passed I on each day among the throng
And turn'd another page in life's rare book.

This girlish paragon, so coy and fair,
  Without a single trace of guile or art,
Full many weeks before I was aware,
  Completely won and ruled my simple heart;
In all my thoughts and aims she had a share
  And days were years when we were far apart.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Change in Ownership and Management—A Strike—Colonel Frolich and Others.

A FEELING having been growing to the effect that the Gazette as managed and edited did not reflect a Democratic sentiment which was pronounced enough, and as the owner, H. G. Allis, desired to dispose of the property, in 1889 a new company was organized and bought it, changing the name of the corporation from the Gazette Printing Company to the Gazette Publishing Company, and having about one hundred stockholders, scattered all over the State. It was argued that the holding of stock by prominent men in different parts of the State would popularize the paper and make the stockholders take an interest in its welfare. A meeting of the stockholders, or their proxies, was held at the club rooms of the then celebrated Old Hickory Club, which had quarters over the present Union Trust Company's place of business, on June 4, 1889. The list of stockholders embraced many of the most prominent men of the day in Arkansas. Among those present were: Colonel John G. Fletcher, president of the German National Bank;

Judge J. W. House, United States District Attorney; W. B. Worthen, banker; Congressman W. L. Terry; Judge John B. Jones, attorney; Major John D. Adams, planter; A. M. Woodruff, son of the founder of the paper; Colonel George W. Caruth, afterwards minister plenipotentiary to Portugal; Professor J. H. Shinn, State superintendent of public instruction; Dr. J. H. Lenow; Colonel R. A. Little, cotton factor; Dr. C. J. Lincoln, of the Lincoln Drug Company; W. H. Wright; Colonel J. H. McCarthy, then of the firm of McCarthy & Joyce, merchants; Colonel Zeb Ward, capitalist; Hon. E. B. Moore, secretary of State; John C. England, attorney; Colonel T. W. Steel, planter. At this distinguished gathering W. B. Worthen, John G. Fletcher, J. W. House, R. A. Little, George W. Caruth, C. J. Lincoln, and Zeb Ward were elected directors, and George William Caruth president, and W. B. Worthen secretary of the company.

Of the above, John D. Adams, A. M. Woodruff, Zeb Ward, W. H. Wright, T. W. Steel, E. B. Moore and Colonel John G. Fletcher have since departed this life. The sale mentioned took place before Allis' troubles as related elsewhere.

The consideration paid for the paper was $40,000.00, of which $25,000.00 was paid in cash and $15,000.00 in the shape of a mortgage, the former owner retaining all accounts, and the new company

having to send the paper to all paid-in-advance subscribers without pay until their subscriptions expired.

Colonel Jacob Frolich, ex-secretary of State, was selected to manage the paper. He asked me to stay with him.

Colonel Frolich was a mighty good man and about the foxiest one I have ever known. He was not "cut out" for the place, however, and I believe that the business really worried him to death. He had a peculiar way of crossing his fingers and batting his eyes, which I will always remember. These peculiarities were especially noticeable when he was worried, which was very frequently. I remember one incident that almost made him sick. I had been making up the payrolls, but when he took charge he undertook to pay off himself. He continued to do so for several weeks, but one day, during warm weather, when he was seated at a desk near an open window—the office being right close up to the street—some one reached in from the outside and stole a $20.00 bill from the pile which he was counting out and distributing in the different envelopes. He let me pay off after that.

A STRIKE.

During Colonel Frolich's administration a disagreement arose as to the scale to be paid the printers, and, as neither side would give in, a strike ensued. The printers all walked out, and the foreman, W. R. Barrow, delivered the key of the composing room to me. This was a hard blow to Frolich; he fretted greatly over it. He was very much afraid of mischief being done by the strikers. He would say to me time and time again, "Fred, please see that there is no danger of fire and that the windows are all securely locked, so that no one can raise them from the outside. When you close the office see that there are no loafers upstairs. Make them go out. We don't want anybody in the building on Sundays. Look in the room back of the editor's. It is a loafer's resort—full of papers. Latch the outer door going upstairs," etc.

The trouble was not adjusted with the typographical union members who had been working in the office, and printers belonging to what was then known as the Printers' Protective Fraternity were taken in. The office was a nonunion office for several years after this, until Colonel J. N. Smithee took charge, when he reinstated the union printers, and they still have the shop.

The union printers called the nonunion men "rats" as usual, and the Gazette a "rat" office until it was unionized again.

Another strike, confined at first to the job printing offices of Little Rock, occurred in November, 1905, and is still on. Early in the fight a struck union man deserted and went back to work at a certain printery. At noon one day he took a drink or two too much and fell by the wayside. He had "ratted" and of course was dropped from the union rolls, but some of the union men thought they would have some fun. The drunken printer, while limp and unconscious, was loaded on an express wagon and driven up to the office at which he had been working, the men shouting as he arrived: "Here's your rat."

In this fight later on our contemporary, the Democrat, seceded from the union. After this an Argenta paper friendly to the strikers referred to it as the Democ-Rat.

The strike assumed the proportions of a serious contest. The boycott was resorted to, not only against the paper, but also against some of the merchants who advertised in it. Below is the notice of this very unusual species of the boycott, signed by the Central Trades and Labor Council, with which the printers affiliate, thus making the interdict include all the labor unions of the city:

NOTICE.

To All Union Men and Friends of Organized Labor.

The Central Trades and Labor Council of Little Rock held a special meeting on Sunday afternoon, January 28, 1906, at Labor Temple, and decided by unanimous vote to put the following firms on the unfair list:

Gus Blass Dry Goods Company.

M. M. Cohn Company, dry goods.

Al Cohn, clothing.

Ike Kempner & Brother, shoes.

Pfeifer Clothing Company.

A. B. Poe, the shoe man.

A. B. Poe, Hub Clothing Company.

Friends of organized labor are requested to withdraw their patronage from the above named firms until they withdraw their advertisements from the Arkansas Democrat, which has refused to concede the eight-hour day to its employees, members of Little Rock Typographical Union No. 92.

By order of

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL.

The firms boycotted were the largest houses in their lines in the city.

The master printers of Little Rock belong to an organization known as the Typothetae. The printers call it the "Teapot."

Speaking of rats, reminds me of Tom Wright's fabrication of the educated rodents which he claimed to have discovered in the office. He swore he had several times seen them with his own eyes let down a string from the top of the office rat trap and fish out cheese, and that one of them was in the habit of holding the trap door open at other times while another went in and brought out the bait, etc. He said it beat anything he ever saw, and I guess it did, for a fact.

Colonel Frolich died in 1891, having resigned and been succeeded as business manager in 1890 by Mr. W. M. Kavanaugh. He had been ill for some time and had undergone a serious operation. He one day wrote me a note to the effect that the doctors had come and gone, with their bulge pumps, crowbars, saws, pinchers, corkscrews, knives, gimlets, and augurs—an armful of them—and he did not know whether he would survive an attack with so many weapons. He lived only a short time afterward. He was an old Confederate soldier, and had been quite prominent in State politics.

Colonel Frolich told me one day of his first newspaper experience, and the trouble that he had in establishing a paper in Arkansas, which is perhaps worth repeating.

After the war he purchased an outfit in Memphis and started to Searcy, Arkansas, via White River by boat, to start a paper there. He had invested all the money he had in this printing outfit. One of the boxes being conveyed, with his material and himself, on the boat, contained his suit of Confederate gray artillery uniform, which was well preserved and prized very highly by him. He guarded this box with special care, but when the boat was nearing his destination, and while he was sitting on one of the cases, planning for the first issue of his proposed journalistic effort, he was suddenly upset by a lunge of the boat. A snag had been struck and the boat sank. It was impossible to save anything, and before he could realize the loss of all his hopes, he was standing on the bank of White River, sans printing outfit and wardrobe, and glad to get off with his life. He returned to Memphis and worked as a printer until he saved enough money to buy another supply of type and a press, when he traveled to Searcy again by the same route, and did establish a paper there, called the "Record," which he successfully conducted for several years, until he was honored with an election to the office of secretary of State.

Mr. E. Audigier, at present assistant foreman of the Gazette, and a very fine printer, learned his trade with Colonel Frolich in this office and worked

for him five years for the small wages of $60.00 per year and his board. Salaries in those days in the printing business were small.

Several years after the loss of his first printing outfit as described, the Colonel related he was walking along the levee at Vicksburg, Mississippi, when he saw a colored man wearing a gray coat, which on account of some familiar trimmings, attracted his attention, and on a second look he had no trouble in recognizing a part of the uniform which he had lost in the wreck of the boat on White River.

"Where did you get that coat?" he asked of the darky.

"I feeshed it outen White River too long ergo ter talk about, boss."

"Where are the pants and vest?" he inquired.

"I'se dun wore 'em out long ergo," he replied.

The Colonel felt very bad about the fate of his uniform, but negotiated for the recovery of the wornout coat, as a relic and memento of the past.

W. E. Woodruff, Sr., the founder of the Gazette, brought to Arkansas the printing outfit with which he started the Gazette at Arkansas Post in 1819 in identically the same manner as Frolich imported the printing offices described above.

K. O. GOULD.

Soon after the first strike alluded to the paper was compelled to advertise for a foreman of its composing room. One Kellogg O. Gould responded, coming, I think, from St. Louis. He was a good and capable foreman, performing his duties well and getting good service out of the men, but he led a sort of a Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde existence, without seeming to want to deceive anybody. I could not fail to observe his character and wonder at his changeable disposition. He was a man of ability, good education, and his intentions were all right; but he was apparently not well balanced in every way. I have known him to do unworthy things, yet I believe there were times when he yearned to do right and endeavored to do some good. He had been a minister of the gospel, and I once heard him deliver, in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Little Rock, as learned, as earnest, as eloquent and as entertaining a sermon as I ever listened to in all my life. I have also heard him try to exert a good influence over others in a private way, and I believe he was sincere in his words and actions at these times; but he had powerful weaknesses, or was possessed of an evil genius.

After about two years, Gould left the Gazette and established a weekly sheet of his own called the

Tribune. It was run about like I have represented his private life to be—as a huge contradiction—and he was particularly vindictive in abusing the Gazette, without any reason for doing so. He could sling language as picturesque as was ever spread with ink on print paper. His paper was on the sensational order, pitching into almost everything and everybody, and like most yellow papers of the kind, it soon died a natural death. I understand that Gould is now engaged in a successful mercantile business in St. Louis, and I wish him well.

JOHN T. GINOCCHIO.

The K. O. Gould mentioned published a paragraph in his paper one week that worried my wife a whole lot, after her attention had been called to it. It stated that I was fast becoming as big a liar as John Ginocchio. Now this will not be considered as a great reflection by those who know Mr. Ginocchio intimately, because he is not a liar, although he may be given to little exaggerations in small talk. He is one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the truest friends I ever had. He has done me many a good turn.

Mr. Ginocchio is probably the best known of all the local correspondents of foreign (out-of-town) newspapers, and he is one man who has the ear of most of the politicians. He is the correspondent of

the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and other papers. The famous M. de Blowitz, Paris correspondent for the London Times, did not have more influence with the powers that be than he, and was not more in touch with political affairs than Mr. Ginocchio is in Arkansas. He is on easy terms with all the Bismarcks, Gambettas, Gladstones, Bryans, Roosevelts and Clevelands of Arkansas politics.

I am informed that Mr. Ginocchio incurred the displeasure of Governor Jeff Davis in May, 1905, while the governor was attending a meeting of a levee board in Memphis, by sending out some item that the governor would have liked suppressed. Governor Davis and a crowd had repaired to a bar for some refreshments, at his invitation. Some one called for a gin-fizz.

"No, you don't," said the governor, "that sounds to me too much like the name of the Commercial-Appeal's correspondent (Ginocchio) and you don't drink that with me." They had a laugh at John's expense and a drink of something else on the governor of Arkansas.

JUDGE W. M. KAVANAUGH.

CHAPTER XV.

W. M. Kavanaugh's Administration—Colonel George William Caruth and Others.

I CARRY in my mind's eye a very vivid and quite pleasing picture of a probably future governor of Arkansas, Judge W. M. Kavanaugh, who was promoted from the managing editor's desk to the general managership of the paper on June 4, 1890. This impression was gained by a mental snapshot which I obtained when he first stepped into the Gazette office, about eighteen years ago, coming from Clarksville, Arkansas, to accept a position as reporter on the paper. Here it is: A short, dumpy, stalwart, compactly-built, brown-haired young man, not handsome, but having a pleasing countenance, and with intelligence, energy, earnestness and dogged determination written on his features. He was not as cultured, smooth, and dignified as now, but he was polite and respectful in his manners, and immediately gave promise of his subsequent success. His rugged honesty and gentlemanly traits won the respect and confidence of all. He was a good reporter, accurate and reliable, and always realized and brought out the point to every story. He soon became city editor, then managing editor, and when

Colonel Frolich resigned, on account of the ability manifested by him, and through the Kentucky kinship of feeling existing between he and Colonel George William Caruth, president of the company, he was selected as manager. His rapid rise in this business and in the social and political world is known to all the people of Little Rock and Arkansas at least, and he gives great promise of yet rising higher.

The following episode will illustrate two pronounced traits in Mr. Kavanaugh's character, he being quick to resent an insult, or to protect his dignity and rights, and generous to a fault when his feelings are appealed to. One day a man had attacked him about some matter. They were both standing in the front door of the office. Kavanaugh struck him on the face, and the blow was so forcible as to send the man sprawling on the sidewalk, and making it necessary for him to be carried home. Mr. Kavanaugh regretted that he had felt called upon to punish him for an insult, and insisted on providing medical attention for him. I am informed that the man is now one of Kavanaugh's best friends.

I am indebted to Mr. Kavanaugh for many kindnesses, and I value his friendship highly.

Coburn C. Kavanaugh, a brother of William Kavanaugh, and the present efficient sheriff of the county, was also connected with the Gazette for

COLONEL GEORGE WILLIAM CARUTH.

some time, and his sterling qualities endeared him to all the force. He was distinguished for writing the worst hand in the office.

COLONEL GEORGE WILLIAM CARUTH AND THE BOARD MEETINGS.

I have referred to Colonel George William Caruth, who was president of the Gazette Publishing Company from 1889 to 1895. He is a lawyer, a diplomatist and a capitalist. President Cleveland during his first term appointed him minister to Portugal, which took him away from the Gazette, as he resigned his official connection with it, and afterward sold his stock to me. He is certainly a unique character, who never failed to entertain any crowd he was thrown in with his droll remarks and side-splitting jokes. He has a wonderful fund of anecdote, and is quick as a flash in repartee in private conversation or in public debate. He also has a laugh which is so hearty that if once heard is never forgotten.

We had several good story tellers on our board of directors, and sometimes yarn-spinning took the place of the consideration of business at the meetings. Later when I became secretary of the company, and was therefore present at the meetings, often soon after the minutes of the preceding meeting had been read and approved, some word spoken

or incident referred to would cause Colonel John G. Fletcher to say, "That reminds me," and a story would ensue; then Colonel Bob Little would tell one, to be followed by Judge J. W. House or Mr. W. B. Worthen, and this would continue until some one would move an adjournment.

And what a Big Four the gentlemen referred to did make. The like of these men are scarce, they being big from every standpoint.

Then there was Gordon N. Peay, a representative of the younger element on the board, at once recognized as a young man of character and ability.

W. B. WORTHEN.

After Colonel Smithee retired from the paper, Mr. W. B. Worthen was elected president of the company, and he was the head of the concern until the Messrs. Heiskell bought a controlling interest in the stock of the company, but he did not attend to the details of the business. He in fact knew very little about it, being a banker and not a newspaper man, but his sound business views and his powerful name helped to put the paper on its feet. Mr. Worthen is a remarkable man in many respects. He has won for himself a deservedly high position in the financial world. He is one of the richest, most

W. B. WORTHEN.

substantial and most cultivated of Arkansas' bankers, and, Midas-like, he appears to be able to turn everything he touches into gold.

W. E. WOODRUFF.

A regular and an appreciated visitor at the Gazette office during the twenty years that I have been connected with it has been Major W. E. Woodruff, ex-State treasurer and planter, the son of the founder of the paper, and who himself was in charge of the sheet solely for a time and afterward with several successive partners from 1868 to 1875. I remember especially that for a number of years he never failed to drop in each year, a few days before the 20th of November, to remind us to change the volume number on the paper on that date, the same being the anniversary day, and often he would write or give us some little story connected with the event. He has never lost interest in the Gazette.

Major Woodruff is a modest, unassuming gentleman, but well posted and very entertaining. He told me one day that his fingers were always itching to write and that he believed his proper vocation was that of the newspaper business, but that the financial end of it was what had kept him out of it. He had almost lost his hearing during the war, and was compelled to carry a speaking tube, which was another drawback.

SIDNEY WARREN MASE.

During the editorial control of Colonel Smithee in 1897 and 1898 there was a young man connected with the paper who deserves mention. This was Sidney Warren Mase, who was a natural born poet if there are any such. He was not an educated man, but he could grind out poetry by the yard every day on topical subjects, after the style of Frank L. Stanton in the Atlanta Constitution. His jingles did much to liven up the editorial page for many months. He got discouraged, however, the pay for, and apparent appreciation of, his work being scant, and he took a clerical position with the Iron Mountain Railway, and I have seen nothing from him since. If he has neglected the Muse, it is a pity, for with proper training he would doubtless make his mark.

R. O. PAUL.

In 1900 the Gazette sold its job printing and lithographing department to the Thompson Lithograph and Printing Company, and I then lost my daily pleasant association with one of the best friends I have ever had, R. O. Paul, who went with the new concern as foreman. Mr. Paul is a fine printer, a

clever and cultivated gentleman, and the most even-tempered man I ever knew. He is now part owner of and the manager of the Arkansas Printing Company.

LOUIS M. SAMUEL.

The handiest and best all round young man we have had in the Gazette office for many years is Louis M. Samuel, who is my right hand at present. He started in as office boy and has worked up until he knows the business from A to Z. He has the natural business ability which is so highly developed in the Jewish race, to which he belongs, together with a love of the business and an unusual aptitude for it. When he gets started he can slay work with a vengeance, and when he gets after it, if he cannot get an advertisement, it is not obtainable.

M. W. MANVILLE.

One *attaché* of the Gazette during Mr. Kavanaugh's management, went from the paper into the ministry. This was M. W. Manville, who was quite a while editor of the agricultural department, or the "Hayseed Editor," as we called him. He had been a farmer, but felt that he was called to leave the soil in order to cultivate the Lord's Vineyard, to sow seed from which would be reaped

spiritual food. He became a member of the Little Rock Conference of the M. E. Church, South, and I heard him preach an eloquent sermon at the Eighth Street Methodist Church in Little Rock one evening in 1898. He was quite a friend of mine and I hope he may always be placed in green pastures, with a desirable flock.

A PRESS CLUB.

In the year 1893, we organized a Press Club in Little Rock, with a membership of about fifteen, and of which I was elected secretary. W. M. Kavanaugh was president of same. Two rooms were rented in the Arkansas building, and a billiard table and a reading table were put in, and these were about the only attractions of the place. There was really very little excuse for the club's existence, and it died a gradual death. The trouble was that the membership was too small. The members came from four or five offices, and all saw each other almost daily, anyway. About the only regular attendants at the rooms were a few inveterate card players, and so much card playing drove away two preacher members. It wasn't long until the club was in arrears for rent, everybody seemed to lose interest in the organization, and Mr. Kavanaugh paid its debts personally and closed it up.

UP FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT.

In the spring of 1901, while in charge of the business office, I had a narrow escape from going to jail for contempt of the United States Court. The paper published, as paid matter, some communication from a man in regard to a certain lawsuit instituted against him in the State Circuit Court of another county, and appealed. The article seemed to be entirely innocent, but it happened, unknown to me when I received the matter, that the man was being tried in the United States Court on a criminal charge growing out of the former case, and Judge Jacob Trieber construed the matter as being published for the purpose of influencing the jury and in contempt of court. Therefore, he jerked Mr. T. F. Kimbell, the managing editor, and myself before the bar of justice. Mr. Kimbell got off lightly, because he arrived in court after I did, but the judge made an example of me by reprimanding me severely and delivering a long lecture on my innocent act. I made a statement to the court, explaining how the matter came to be printed, and denying that there was any wrong intent. The judge stated that he could send me to jail, but forebore doing so, as he was satisfied that the affair was an oversight. The courtroom was crowded, and those who knew me guyed me unmercifully about it. I did not think

the judge was warranted in his action in this instance, and it seemed to me at the time that he took advantage of his position to administer an unnecessary rebuke, but I was no doubt mistaken about this. He bears the reputation of being a very good and fair judge, and possibly I deserved the rebuke.

The judge is a great stickler for dignity. I served as juror in his court during one term and had a good opportunity to observe him. I was struck with the ceremony in vogue in this court, in contrast with the lack of it in our State courts, except in the supreme court. When his honor arrives in the morning the crier announces his approach, with "Oh, ye, Oh, ye, his honor, the circuit judge of the eastern district of Arkansas, now approaches," and the occupants of the room stand up, while the judge marches in. This judge really trips along, being very quick in his movements. The judges of our State courts do not stand on much ceremony, as if they did they would never be reëlected, our people being too democratic to stand it. I rather like it, though.

Speaking of this court, reminds me of a joke which the crier tried to play on me. There were two burly negroes, as black as tar, on the panel of the venire of the jury on which I served. The crier designated the seats for the jurymen, and he did his level best to seat me between these two negroes, but I evaded it.

SARCASTIC REFERENCE TO MY SIDE LINES.

My natural love of books and a leaning toward the publishing business led me to take advantage of several opportunities to put out books in my own name as publisher, as little "side lines," so to speak. One of these was a little historical book entitled, "Early Days in Arkansas," by Judge W. F. Pope, an old settler. He was unable to get it published by anyone else, it seemed, as he had been trying to get it out for several years, and so I made an offer which he accepted, and I then contracted with the job printing department to print and bind it. The book was delivered to agents from the Gazette office, but no part of the transaction was allowed to interfere in any way with my duties or to be any burden on the concern. However, some of the boys made great sport of my humble attempts at the publishing business. I failed to enlist their sympathy or encouragement, and one of them posted the following somewhat sarcastic notice up in the office one day, in rather an inconspicuous place, but where I would be sure to see it:

NOTICE!

"Sale of Allsopp's celebrated book entitled, 'Early Days in Arkansas,' is now going on inside. Positively no one admitted except those desiring to purchase the book. Each person must get in line and take his turn, to avoid a stampede."

This joke was perpetrated by Herbert Floyd, then the stenographer. This playing with bookish fire caused me to eventually get into the bookselling business, as mentioned under another head. Among the other books published by me, I brought out the Poems of General Albert Pike, which book has had a good sale and been favorably received, but I have found that I can do better at selling the publications of other publishers than my own.

MY NARROW ESCAPE FROM BEING KILLED BY A CYCLONE.

One of the biggest items which the Gazette ever handled was the disastrous cyclone that struck Little Rock at about ten o'clock p. m. on October 2, 1894, and which almost put the paper and myself out of business. I was standing at a desk in the front part of the office when the storm came up. I noticed that a storm was brewing and that the wind was high, but had no idea of what was coming. Presently I heard a terrific noise, timbers were flying around, and a scantling was blown through the window and passed directly over my head with such rapidity and force that if it had struck me I should hardly have lived to tell this poor story. The electric lights were all put out, and after the cyclone had passed over the city rain began to fall in torrents. I quickly

remembered that my wife and baby were at home alone, eight blocks away, and apprehensive of their fate, I started out of the office to go to them, but I found that I would be drenched to the skin if I had no protection. An umbrella was useless. With a candle for light I quickly went to the press room and wrapped all around me a lot of heavy express wrapping paper, such as we used for bundling papers, and set out. In going to my house I had to walk over fallen telephone poles, wires, trees, and all sorts of *débris,* and as it was then as dark as pitch, the effect on my nerves was terrible. I was rejoiced to find that my house was not in the path of the storm and the folks were not aware of the severity of it.

Scores of buildings were demolished or damaged in this storm, the two telephone companies were almost ruined, telegraph wires were down in all directions, a number of people had been injured and business was almost at a standstill for a day or two as a result. The loss to property ran up into the thousands. The light and power plants being put out of business, and the city being flooded by the heavy rainfall mentioned, it was difficult to gather the news and there was considerable delay in getting out the paper, but it was issued, with a good story of this terrible visitation of nature.

CHAPTER XVI.

An Almost Fatal Mistake—Intoxicated With Power.

IN 1896 I came near going back on the "old lady," and a little flirtation which I had with another newspaper almost ruined me financially. In 1895 there was established in Little Rock a society and literary weekly, called the Saturday Bee, by George W. Gunder (editor) and Chris Ledwidge (business manager), two ex-Gazette men, who were afterward joined in the enterprise by Roy L. Thompson, who was also a Gazette man at one time, but is now with the Arkansas Democrat Printing Company. These young men, after a great deal of persuasion, induced me to go in with them in the enterprise a year later. It was my ambition then to get into something where I would have more of a proprietary interest. The Bee had an elegant little office, was issuing a pretty weekly, and, I was led to believe, was a profitable proposition. I was to be "let in on the ground floor," and could not help but make money out of the investment. Well, I agreed to take a one-third interest for about $500.00, arranging with Mr. Kavanaugh, the then manager of the Gazette, to spend only half of my

time after that with that paper, for a proportionate amount of the salary which I had been receiving. But this arrangement lasted only about two weeks, I very quickly getting sick of it. The thing proved to be a miserable failure, and it cost me a debt of several hundred dollars to experiment with it only a very short time, which to liquidate took my savings for quite a while. I finally became the sole owner of this magnificent property, sold the plant to three different people successively, on small payments, and got it back each time on account of defaults in payments, and finally sold it to a man named Butner, who transferred it with my consent to Henry Miller, who took it to Devall's Bluff, Arkansas, where it burned out. I had been paid only a few dollars as a first payment on it. I held a mortgage on the outfit and the party agreed to keep it insured for my benefit, but he did not do so, and as he has not acknowledged the debt since, I never got a further cent for it. I was fortunate enough to be able to get back my former full position and salary on the Gazette, and I returned to it again, a sadder but a wiser man.

Soliciting business for a comparatively unknown paper, which really had very little excuse for existing, was a very different proposition from working for a paper having the prestige and years of the Gazette. But, I believe now if I had stayed with the Bee for a few years it could have been worked

up to a profitable basis. I got scared too soon, perhaps. At any rate, the Bee gathered little honey, and, like Goldsmith's publication of the same name, was unsuccessful and short-lived.

INTOXICATED WITH POWER.

A little authority, like a little learning, is sometimes a dangerous thing in some hands. During the latter part of his connection with the paper, Mr. Kavanaugh was absent a great deal on account of illness, and I was given full charge of the business office. He gave me a letter clothing me with authority to act and notifying all employees to respect my orders the same as his own if he were present. I was somewhat swollen up with authority, a little chesty or intoxicated with power, I suspect. The superintendent of the job printing department had been neglecting his duties, and I fired him as unceremoniously as a Russian autocratic Czar would order the head of a nihilist cut off. The stenographer, also, declined to obey me in a certain instance, and I canned him, too. Both were good-hearted fellows, and had done much for me previously, and I am sorry that I did not put up with their failings and their disobediences to me as a temporary boss, and let some one else fire them, if necessary. I regret few other acts more than doing these things. I

have learned to be more tolerant, finding that perfect men are as scarce as "hen's teeth."

The superintendent of the job department referred to was a young man of most excellent tastes in bookbinding and getting up neat job printing, and having the most deferential manners ordinarily. I fancy I can see him bowing and scraping now, although I have not seen him in the flesh for ten years.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sam Jones* and The Gazette.

THE Gazette's criticism of the celebrated Georgia evangelist, Sam P. Jones, in 1890, was a great mistake of policy, for it temporarily lost the paper a number of subscribers, and caused indiscriminating people to believe that its course in making light of him was an attack on religion, instead of merely a protest against the evangelist's unusual and seemingly half-vulgar methods, as intended. The complaints received at the office showed that he was immensely popular. The harder the paper roasted his daily clownish sermons the greater the crowds he drew, for he was receiving splendid advertising; but the majority of the people not only went out of curiosity to hear him, but they seemed to indorse him warmly. One day Sam put the question to an audience of about 5,000 people, and I think they nearly all stood up to signify their indorsement of his course and their disapproval of the Gazette's criticism. It taught me the lesson of letting people's religious affairs alone.

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* Mr. Jones died on October 14, 1906, since this was written, on a "Choctaw" train, near Perry, Arkansas, en route home from Oklahoma.

I began to scribble for the paper again about that time, and had a department of weekly comment, in which I dished up ponderous lucubations on topics more or less current, which I fondly supposed were read with great avidity and had a tremendous influence. It was in this column that Sam Jones was touched up for the first time in the paper, the editorial and news columns going for him afterward, although I do not suppose that my opinions had anything to do with the editor's subsequent treatment of the matter.

Mr. Jones referred to the people of Little Rock as "dear dying sinners, of the wickedest city in the United States, apologies for men, of whom it would take one hundred, and lots of clay, to make one decent man," etc., whereat I took it upon myself to preach him a little sermon, taking for my text the ninth and tenth verses of the first chapter of the Epistle of Paul to Titus: "For there are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers * * * whose mouths must be stopped, who subvert whole houses, talking things which they ought not, for filthy lucre's sake." I asked the people to do more thinking for themselves, instead of being swayed and influenced by what was said by every demagogue, hypocrite and fanatic who has a flap-jack mouth which is wound up to work on the perpetual motion plan, and wags an oily tongue. I declared that it was a desecration of the Sabbath to go to hear Jones on

that day, as he was merely an entertainer, and that the example set by one godly man or woman did more good than all the money-grabbing so-called evangelists that ever lived. I called attention to the fact that St. Paul said to the Corinthians "Be ye imitators of me, even as I am of Christ, and whatsoever ye do, in deed or word, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," and tried to make the point that uncouth language and slang such as Sam Jones indulged in in the pulpit could not be used by a true servant of God in the name of the Lord Jesus. I averred that a good preacher, a true servant of God, "holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught," could exercise a greater influence than the man in any other calling, while the one who robs Christianity of its dignity, solemnity and sublimity did the cause incalculable harm. I asked for the gospel to be preached in the good old-fashioned way, which has comforted countless thousands and led them to glory, and that the sensational preacher be taken away, or reformed, that the "sword of the spirit" might prove its own power, etc. I hit him as hard as I could, but merely in the way of deprecating his sensational methods. Strange to say, I did not cause him to change his ways. Sam stuck to his original methods.

Some of the church people became very wrathy when the Gazette, in referring to the closing of the meeting, stated that "Sam closed his eight-day

performance at Baucum's cotton shed last night," that "the entertainment was delightful, the comedy parts affording the audience a great deal of pleasure, as was frequently manifested by loud and uncontrollable laughter and the clapping of hands." "Brother Jones," wrote the reporter, who was Dick Brugman, a past grand master of ridicule, "was in good voice, and his trip up the Iron Mountain road had the effect of limbering up his joints, which greatly assisted him in his acrobatic movements about the stage, necessary to illustrate his minstrel jokes. The infants seemed to enjoy the fun as much as the grown folks." When the Reverend Mr. Jones read this I think he is said to have called its author nothing milder than "a skunk."

The committee in charge of the meeting had purchased the large tent used for the occasion from a stranded circus, and it was announced that God had closed the wicked circus to turn the canvas into a gospel tent; but through some misunderstanding, it seemed, a settlement with the showman for same had not been promptly made. Mr. Brugman, referring to this, stated: "Among the audience there were six or seven men, hungry and crestfallen. These men were the only ones present who could see nothing in Mr. Jones' remarks to laugh at. They had followed a circus for several years, and had heard the jokes before. They were present waiting for their pay for the tent. They wanted

something to eat. The best clown in the world cannot make the man laugh who has not tasted food for twenty-four hours."

This was sacrilegious talk in the opinion of the Jones adherents, and it may have been in bad taste, although, it seemed to me, some of Mr. Jones' language and antics were so coarse and undignified as to deserve criticism.

Mr. Jones has been in Little Rock to lecture or preach almost every year since the event narrated, and I have had the additional opportunity of studying him and his ways. As a result, I am willing to admit that there may be method in his madness, and that he no doubt does good, in reaching people whom dignified methods would not touch. I have learned more of the world and of its heterogeneous population, and, as Sam himself has said, if you talk real sense to some people they don't know what it means. It is stated that he can earn $200.00 a day talking in his way, when he undertakes to charge for his talks, while if he talked nicely, like some people think he should do, he wouldn't get twenty cents. "Do you see, Bud?" as he would say.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Colonel J. N. Smithee's Administration—The Attempted Shooting of Him—His Sad Death.

On May 11, 1896, Colonel J. N. Smithee acquired control of a majority of the stock of the Gazette Publishing Company, and was elected president of the company and editor of the paper, continuing in such capacity until he resigned, January 31, 1899. This was his second connection with the paper, he having been a foreman about twenty years before, and later an editor of same.

I heard him relate of the installation of the Associated Press service during this first connection. Before that great event, he said, the news dispatches published by the Gazette were often twelve to twenty-four hours old; and at that time the paper was worked off in the afternoon, folded by hand and laid aside for the carriers until next morning. How slow! Now the people demand news from all over the world, hot from the wires within a few hours after it has transpired. The advances made in the newspaper business probably outstrip the improvements in any other business.

Colonel Smithee was to handle both the editorial and business ends, but he appointed me assistant

manager, and our relations were always pleasant. He trusted me in every way, and I tried to make his work as light as possible. On Christmas, 1897, he presented me with a fine gold watch, which I still carry.

ATTEMPTED SHOOTING OF COLONEL SMITHEE.

The attempted shooting of Colonel Smithee in the Gazette office by Senator R. D. McMullen, of Yell County, during the session of the legislature, in February, 1897, of which I was an eye-witness, was really a ludicrous affair. Mr. McMullen was not a very bad sort of a fellow. I knew him fairly well, as he and I were members of a law class, and I do not believe that he wanted to kill the Colonel. The editor had humiliated him beyond all reasonable bounds by denouncing his actions and impugning his motives in voting on certain bills, and he was goaded on to make some resentment. The weapon used was a small twenty-eight-caliber revolver. Senator McMullen was within five feet of the Colonel when he fired, and his target was an extra large man, but the ball came nearer hitting me than Colonel Smithee. I was standing at McMullen's side, and had just caught hold of his arm when the weapon was discharged. The ball went into the office railing near me, and at an angle of about forty-

five degrees from Smithee. I immediately took hold of both his wrists from behind and held him in such a position that he could not fire again, until others disarmed him.

Colonel Smithee showed remarkable nerve, for he never flinched or moved. But he had bravely stood fire many a time before in personal encounters as well as in war. When Senator McMullen, with his revolver cocked, demanded an apology before he fired, the Colonel simply told him flatly that he had no apology to make, and stood up before him like a stone wall.

Trouble had been expected, and when the Senator reached the office, apparently with "blood in his eye," everybody got out except the Colonel and I, and I suppose I would have run, too, if I had not been caught in a corner.

COLONEL SMITHEE'S RESIGNATION.

The paper was not a financial success at this time. Mr. W. B. Worthen was carrying the burden, amounting to some $67,000.00 in the shape of a bonded debt and interest. Colonel Smithee resigned, as already stated, and on February 4, 1899, Mr. Worthen was elected president and general head of the concern. I was asked to remain as secretary of the company.

Colonel Smithee became engaged in writing a book, the manuscript of which I have since bought from the family, and which he was greatly disappointed in not being able to obtain a publisher for. Only a few months before his death he wrote me the following letter in regard to this book:

"23 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK.

"DEAR FRED—I will soon have my book ready for publication. It will be very interesting to the public, and in so far as it deals with facts it is a faithful narrative, and most valuable to the student as well as to the general reader. When engaged in writing it I felt a great interest in the work. After I got through I didn't think much of it. But those who have seen it give me great encouragement. I have been told by some that it is better and will be more popular than Winston Churchill's 'Richard Carvel,' or 'Crisis'; Pidgeon's 'Blennerhasset,' 'Janice Meredith,' 'Eben Holden' or 'David Harum.'

"I am not carried away by these eulogies. The publisher must pass on the merits of the book. That there are many things new and startling in the volume—so far as the American reader is concerned—I am well aware. The book bears this title: 'Aaron Lewis—A Story of the Southwest.' (I may change this to a Story of the Trans-Mississippi.)

"The foundation is the trip of Albert Pike from St. Louis across the plains.

"When my book is printed it will be illustrated and brought out in first-class style by a first-class publishing firm, or it will never appear.

"Sincerely,
"J. N. SMITHEE."

THE LATE COLONEL J. N. SMITHEE.

A publisher could not be found for the book, as I have stated. It contained some very good material and some fine writing, but was not put together in such style as to be called a novel, a history or biography, but a sort of a literary conglomeration.

He is also supposed to have made a failure of some mining ventures. After an absence of some time in Colorado, where his family resided, and in New York City, where he had influential friends, he returned to Little Rock early in 1902 and lived at the Merchants' Hotel for several months. He was often seen by his friends, joked and spun yarns with them and seemed to be in the best of health and spirits, but he probably indulged in liquor too freely. I saw him at the office and elsewhere occasionally, and noticed nothing wrong with him. But on the 5th of July, 1902, I was terribly startled, as were hundreds of his friends in the city and elsewhere, to hear the terrible news that he had committed suicide by shooting himself. It was a shame. He was not much past the prime of life, being about fifty-eight years of age, hale and hearty, a man of magnificent physique, well preserved and looking like he was capable of many years of usefulness. He had taken his life in a fit of despondency, was short of money, and was too proud to make known any possible needs to his friends, who were numerous and who would have done almost anything in reason to have accommodated him, especially if they had

realized that they could have thereby prevented such a terrible sacrifice.

I talked with him at the office in the evening two nights before he killed himself. He told me in a cheerful vein that he was going to Denver, and, referring to a large life-size portrait of himself which hung over my desk in the office, he remarked, "Well, I see you keep the old man up there. If you ever get tired of that picture, send it to the folks in Denver."

I helped bury him, and I never attended a sadder funeral. His death was a terrible mistake and a sad ending of a great and noble-hearted Southern gentleman.

He left two notes, as follows:

"Take my body to W. H. Tindall's undertaking establishment. I want no one but him to handle it. I would prefer cremation, as I believe all dead bodies should be thus disposed of. If that cannot be done, a plain pine coffin will suffice. It is a matter of indifference to me where the remains are planted. The less ceremony at the funeral the more it will please

"J. N. SMITHEE."

"For cripples, paupers and mendicants I have no use. Fearing I may get in some of these classes by reason of the injury which I sustain (a sprained leg), I end the doubt. Thirty-nine years ago today Lee was retreating in Gettysburg, Vicksburg was surrendered, and the battle of Helena was fought and lost. It is befitting that my taking off should end to-day.

"J. N. SMITHEE."

These notes, addressed to no one in particular, were his last messages to the world or anybody in it. The terribly sad words were written in ink, in his usual handwriting, without an apparent tremor, every word being carefully and beautifully penned.

The Death of Colonel Smithee, July 4, 1902.

He was a brave Confederate,
  Who fought for his beloved South,
And ever did he advocate,
  By means of pen and word of mouth,
His country's needs, with eloquence,
And fearless of all consequence.

A target for the enemy
  He 'd been in war—in politics;
As editor, all tyranny,
  As well as foolish heretics,
He fought with courage and success—
With never failing cheerfulness.

But when the scales of fortune turned,
  His nerve quite badly served him then—
Because he thought his friends had spurned
  His need of their assistance. When
Despondency had sour'd his life
He rashly gave up in the strife.

"For paupers, mendicants and tramps
I have no use," his last words said;
And, fearing getting in such camps,
He a pistol shot fired through his head.
"A pity!" everybody said;
"So sad!"—but then the man was dead!

There is a rustic picture of Colonel Smithee hung in my memory. I was out at the farm of my father-in-law, Mr. James Chapple, about eight miles west from Little Rock, spending one Sunday, when, driving through the public road, close to the front of the farmhouse, came Colonel Smithee, in company with his lifelong friend, the celebrated Senator A. H. Garland. They were coming to town from Garland's country retreat, known as "Hominy Hill." Remember that Garland was a distinguished man. He had filled almost every office within the gift of the people of Arkansas, including that of governor and United States senator, and he had also served as attorney general of the United States in President Cleveland's cabinet. Then look at this picture of rural simplicity. Here were Garland and Smithee, both corpulent men, sitting together on a bare plank seat, in a common old country wagon, drawn by two mules and driven by a negro boy. The men were dressed in the commonest kind of country garb, without collar, cuffs, or suspenders, and you would have thought,

if you did not know them, that they were bush-whackers, or hedgers, or ditchers. They had had a jolly time at Hominy Hill, a place hidden in the recesses of the wood so well that it was said that few people could find it at all. This home, however, while erected in country fashion, was provided with every comfort, and here Senator Garland is said to have stored one of the finest and most valuable libraries in the country.

Colonel Smithee had a kind heart and was of a generous nature. He was a great benefactor to the printers, always trying to do something to better their condition. He will ever be remembered by the employees of the Gazette for having originated the custom of sending a big, fat turkey on every Thanksgiving Day to the family of each married man connected with the concern, a custom which has been continued. This is some incentive to those who are not married to go and get themselves wives.

Oh, who would not be married folks
  Upon Thanksgiving Day!
When the Gazette sends them all a turkey fat,
  In addition to their pay.
The bachelor swells and spinsters sour
  Cannot get in on this,
So matrimony's the coveted state
  For every gent and miss.

Another evidence of Colonel Smithee's big-heartedness was the giving of a bountiful dinner to all the newsboys in town, and sending them to a matinee performance at the theater on one Christmas Day.

He also gave gold medals, in the name of the Gazette, to some negro lifesavers, who had distinguished themselves for bravery in rescuing several white boys from drowning in the Arkansas River.

It was Colonel Smithee who, assisted by George R. Brown, started on May 30, 1897, through the Gazette, the movement which resulted in the erection of the beautiful $10,000.00 Confederate monument, which was unveiled June 12, 1905, and stands at the future gates of the new statehouse grounds. He appealed to the people to contribute to the cause in the sum of $1.00 each, and had a lithographed certificate issued to each subscriber, which was to be presented as a souvenir. He named the Society of the Daughters of the Confederacy as sponsors and patronesses of the enterprise. It is too bad that he did not live to see the monument erected. He would have been one of the happiest men at the unveiling. I hope some day to be able to help provide a monument for his own grave.

The creation of the Arkansas Railroad Commission was also due to Colonel Smithee's advocacy of the question, and it would have been a proper and an appropriate thing for him to have received one of the

commissionerships. It was expected that Governor Dan W. Jones would bestow on him one of the offices which the bill provided for. He and Jones were great friends, and, as Colonel Smithee was known to covet the position, it has been a mystery why he was not so honored.

CHAPTER XIX.

Opie Read—A Midsummer Night's Revelry.

THE Gazette has had numerous great and good men attached to it during its long existence. The immortal humorist, Opie Read, had just disconnected himself from the paper a short time before I went to work for it—probably because he heard I was coming. He left the Gazette to establish his celebrated "Arkansaw Traveler," which enjoyed a big reputation and circulation for a number of years before it was removed to Chicago. His fun was called Arkansas humor, in a derisive way, but just the same it was read and laughed over by countless thousands; and he continues to more than hold his own since he went out of journalism and became a novelist and a lecturer. One of his novels well describes his early newspaper experiences in Arkansas. I read everything from his pen that I could get my hands on in my early days, and among the pieces which I remember reading in his Arkansaw Traveler, shortly before my arrival in "The Rock," was a little satirical skit in blank verse, which brings in several newspaper friends and is very amusing to those familiar with the circum-

stances. I propose to quote from it here. Colonel J. N. Smithee, who was represented as one of the characters in the piece, was an advocate of the recognition by the State of Arkansas of the invalidated State bonds, and on account of the friendship which existed between he and John R. Dos Passos, the New York corporation lawyer, who is said to have held some of these bonds, he had been accused of having an ulterior motive in advocating the payment of same; and he was thereby no doubt greatly misjudged, as many patriots and good newspaper men have been before him and since. I believe Colonel Smithee to have been sincere and honest in every particular, as well as most loyal to the State's interests. He believed that the State should pay her legal debts. And there are many good people who still believe that, while frauds were connected with the issuance of the bonds in dispute, and the State did not get much, if anything, for them, they were issued by those in authority, were in some cases in the hands of innocent holders, who had given full value for them, and should be paid; or, at least, that it would have been much better for the fair name of the State if they had not been repudiated. There are always plenty of meanly disposed people who are ready to question any man's motives, especially those of an editor who does not think as they do. Opie Read was not in that class, however, but was a great joker, and the following

from his paper, while being a clever hit on a then familiar subject, had no malice in it, and was not intended to reflect on the characters of the persons represented therein, but merely as a burlesque:

A Midsummer Night's Revelry.

"SCENE—Little Rock Gazette office. TIME—Night. A company of gentlemen are assembled at supper around a table.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Smithee—

What ho, good company, by the buttons on
The coat that Thomas Jefferson used to wear,
Let us lift our glasses high and drink
To the health and wealth of our business plans
Which, like clustered grapes beneath the glow
Of sun and gleam of moon do brightly ripen.

"Newman*—
Ah! gentlemen, drink ye one and all,
For by the powers that some men great are made
And others small are thrown out from the molds,
Our plans are laid to make the country howl;
And by the flannel skirt worn by Diana,
And by the horns of every brindle cow
That lashes flies on Pine Bluff's spacious commons
I'm going to give the throb of actual life
To this great and giant enterprise.

"Dos Passos—
Cæsar, Plato, Jumbo, all the rest
Come bow your heads and hear his royal nibbs.
By my coupons, from whencely dost thou hail?

"Newman—
By my Roman nose, how darest thou ask?

"Dos Passos—
Well, now, by Jove's Syndicate
If this ain't high and double-jointed cheek.
Did I not loan him ten thousand ducats?

"Smithee—
Hush, hush, Dossie; quiet man, I pray,
For that snoozer standing over there
Does not understand the ways of life.
You could not in a twelvemonth make him see
Why I should borrow money. Other men
Can borrow all they want, you know, my friend
And not the slightest kind of kick is made,
But when I borrow one-fourth of what I need,
The people howl and rend their nether clothes.

---

* Charles Gordon Newman, another ex-editor of the Gazette, and a former partner of Colonel Smithee's, now the able editor of the Pine Bluff "Commercial."

"Old Snoozer—
Ah, by the way, most noble Colonel,
Since you've brought the subject to the light,
Blamed if I don't want to know, why you,

* * * * * * * * * *

At one swoop ten thousand ducats borrow?

"Smithee—
Haven't I a right, my friend, to borrow?

"Old Snoozer—
All men have a right to borrow, Colonel,
But by my plowshare, what I want to know is
What lack of business caused these men to lend it?

"Old Fogy—
While the subject's up I would like to know
Is this here paper a Democratic sheet,
Or do the Rads now claim your mighty quill?
When Brower took his journey to the North,
The man who spread the ink while he was gone
Whitewashed Dorsey and upheld the gang.

"Smithee—
Here, allow me for all time to say
That *all men who make such a claim as that*
Shun the naked truth and simply lie.

"Old Fogy—
Don't you say, sir, that I tell a lie!

"Smithee—
I say by the squint of Tilden's eye
Thou liest like the man who catches fish,
Or like the man who kills the biggest snake.

* * * * * * * * * *

The dark-winged bird of sleep hovered o'er the scene,
And none too soon, for, Gods! the wine was mean."

A few years ago I received a letter from Opie Read on business, in which he characteristically used the following date line:

"August—don't know the day of the month—could find out by a persistent inquiry, but the weather is too blamed hot."

CHAPTER XX.

"Squirrel-Head" Editors and "Old Lead"—Fiery Oratory in a Freezing Temperature.

ON January 29, 1902, the day of the great sleet storm, which will always be remembered in Arkansas, I went to Hot Springs to report a joint debate between Governor Jeff Davis, who was a candidate for reëlection, and his opponent, Hon. E. W. Rector. The speaking took place at the opera house. The weather was bitterly cold, and there was no heat in the building. I sat in the wings of the stage, behind the scenery, and was compelled to wear my overcoat, rubber shoes, hat, and a muffler to keep from freezing, which would hardly be expected in a temperate climate like that of Arkansas. Mr. Albert Belding, now a splendid reporter on the Gazette, sat on the opposite side of the stage, reporting the speaking for the Democrat, with which paper he was then connected. But the speeches were red-hot. It was a case of fiery oratory in a freezing temperature.

During the campaign of 1903-04, in the month of August, I went to Lake Village to report a supposed sensational debate between Davis and Attorney

General Murphy. Colonel Murphy had been bitter in his denunciation of Governor Davis, and as both had accepted invitations to make speeches at a celebration at the point referred to, a warm time was expected. Davis canceled his appointment, and Murphy denounced him publicly in a speech as a coward and a scoundrel. I never heard such a bitter speech, before or since. Murphy is caustic, cutting and dramatic when he wants to be. In this instance he employed verbal pitchforks, daggers and cannons. His vituperation was so bitter and terrific as to almost frighten the hearer.

There were three newspaper men in the party, and, being disappointed at a part of the sport being spoiled by Davis' non-appearance, we wanted to get back to Little Rock as soon as possible. Murphy was in the same frame of mind. There was no train returning until the next morning, so we chartered a handcar to take us twenty miles, to Montrose, the junction of the Iron Mountain Railroad with the Lake Village branch, where we expected to catch a train at 10 o'clock going to the city. We reached there on time, after a very tedious trip, but the train proved to be four hours late. There was no place to spend the time, except under the stars, as the little depot and everything else was closed. Colonel Murphy became very ill on the trip, and we had to give him some kind of bed. There was a very large circular saw, about ten feet in diameter, in a frame

on the platform. We laid this big saw down on the platform, and, taking off our coats, gave them to him for bed clothes and a pillow. He lay down on the saw and slept soundly. We laughed heartily over this experience. The Colonel had the reputation of being willing to fight a circular saw, but I suppose this was his first experience in using such an implement for a folding bed. He was greatly disappointed at being unable to meet Mr. Davis.

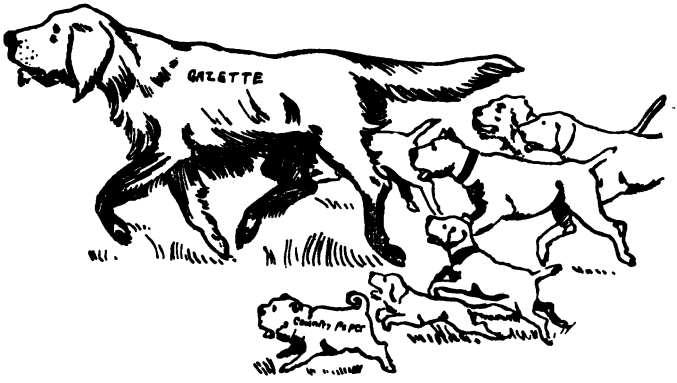
A Genuine Arkansas Squirrel Head.

And, by the way, one of the hardest propositions the newspapers of Arkansas ever ran up against was this Governor Jeff Davis, who went into office as attorney general of the State in January, 1899, was elected governor in 1900, and reëlected twice since. The Gazette, following its custom to take

no part in a contest between Democrats for an office, had not opposed or advocated his candidacy, but he could not use the paper as he wished to do, and it had criticised some of his official acts, and therefore he classed it with the many papers which did oppose him, and bombarded it hard. He would buy space in it for advertising matter favorable to him, and then jump on the paper in his speeches for charging him. Then when cards of other candidates appeared he would accuse the Gazette of selling out to them. He was a very disagreeable man to transact business with, always apparently seeking an advantage. As the company's business manager, I had some business transactions with him, and I must say that I have never dealt with a more contentious customer. While I was not intimately acquainted with him, we got along well together in a business way until it became necessary to collect the Gazette's account against him for advertising and job printing, which he disputed. After that I was even afraid to ask him to renew my appointment as a notary public, which important office I had held for a number of years, principally for the accommodation of the company, but I did obtain a commission signed by him through the kind offices of his private secretary, Mr. Charles Jacobson, and my friend, Mr. Louis Samuel.

Most candidates for public positions and office-holders are disposed to toady to the newspapers; at

least, they endeavor to treat the publisher courteously and considerately, realizing that the publicity they obtain through the papers is valuable to them, but Governor Davis reversed the rule and seemed to court the antagonism of the newspapers and then to seek to turn their adverse criticisms to his advantage, in appealing to the prejudice of a certain element of the people by a hue and cry about a so-



"Old Lead."

"The Gazette and Democrat emulate 'Old Lead' in this campaign, open up, and the little country papers over the State break out, yow, yow, yow, and do not smell a thing on earth, except they hear 'Old Lead' bark."

called subsidized press. Early in his political career he became very much puffed up, and if a newspaper referred to any of his acts adversely, he immediately

blacklisted it. A majority of the newspapers of the State opposed him; he could not handle them, and so he decided to fight them. In his speeches to rural audiences, for political effect, he was in the habit of denouncing the newspapers, especially those in Little Rock, as corporation mouthpieces, and he delighted in referring to their editors as "squirrel-heads"—and the editor of the Gazette was supposed to be the grand chief of "squirrelheads." According to his peculiar brand of logic, any journal that would not come out flatfooted for him was bought up by the other side. Sometimes he would offer the Gazette matter which would not be printed even for pay. He would then print it in circular form and state at the bottom of it that the paper was so unfair it would not print this even for money.

In regard to the newspapers, he said:

"I used to keep a pack of hounds, and among the number was an old blue speckled dog with long ears, and we called him Old Lead. He had a mellow, gentle voice, and when you would hear his bugle note on the mountainside, you could swear that a fox was at hand; and at the same time I had a dozen black-and-tan hound pups, just old enough to train, and when these puppies would hear Old Lead open up, they would break through the woods barking 'yow, yow, yow, yow.' They did not smell a thing on earth; they only heard Old Lead bark. That is the way with these newspapers in Arkansas. The Gazette

and Democrat emulate Old Lead in this campaign; open up, and the little country papers over the State break out 'yow, yow, yow,' and do not smell a thing on earth, except they hear Old Lead bark." Then he would "light in" to give the Gazette fits. Said he, "I 'd rather carry a polecat under my arm than a copy of that sheet."

In likening the Gazette to Old Lead he was right in one respect—it always leads in Arkansas.

Governor Davis is a wonder on the political "stump." His power over a country audience has probably never been surpassed. He is a "spell-binder" from away back. He has made several campaigns, and each time seemed to add to his followers, and always the slogan of his fight was a cry against an imaginary ring or combination of trusts. His powerful appeals to the "dear common people" to line up and help him "wallow these trust-healers one more time" was never disregarded. His following has been truly wonderful, although those who opposed him seemed to be better men. The intensity of feeling aroused against those who opposed him was also surprising. One well-intentioned country man wrote to the Gazette, in all sincerity, apparently, that he believed Jeff Davis had been persecuted worse than had Jesus Christ on the cross.

Governor Davis has never liked anybody connected with the Gazette. In a speech at one country appointment he is said to have told the people he would like to be able to exhibit me to them as a curiosity.

Davis stirred up the political waters when he waded into them, and furnished lots of entertainment for his audiences. He is a great campaigner; a perfervid orator. It may not be amiss to mention a few *bonmots* which he uttered in his last campaign for governor, but I cannot describe properly his suggestive gestures and clownish antics as he hurls his thunderbolts at the enemy. Here are a few samples:

"I am going to make things as hot as a cooking stove for my opponents."

* * * * * * * * * *

"I am glad that gang in Little Rock got Judge Wood to run; I was afraid they would get out a strong man."

* * * * * * * * * *

"My campaign against him is going to be as easy as taking candy from a baby."

* * * * * * * * * *

"I want all you fellows who have ever taken a drink to vote for me, and all those who haven't may vote for Judge Wood."

* * * * * * * * * *

"I can stay at home and sleep and beat Judge Wood."

* * * * * * * * * *

"I am depending on the horny-handed, sun-burned sons of toil, the men that pull the bell rope over the mule, to help me fight this battle, and if the boys in the hills will only touch hands with the boys in the valley, we will gain one more victory for good government."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Judge Wood, who is your campaign manager? I know who it is. It is a little two-by-four of an upstart of a politician in Little Rock that has hold of the throttle for the morality crowd."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Who has charge of my campaign? It is the laboring class. It is the farmer. It is the mechanic. It is the brickmasons, of this State who are assigned the duty of watching out after my interest in this present contest."

* * * * * * * * * *

"The other day an old farmer caught Judge Wood by the nape of the coat tail and took him off to one side, like he was going to ask about a horse thief, and said, 'Judge, who got you into this race?' Judge said, 'Oh, for God's sake, don't ask me who got me into it; ask me who is going to get me out of it.' I will tell you, ladies and gentlemen, who is going to get the Judge out of this race; it is the farmer, the mechanic, the wood-haulers, the red necks, and the patched-breeches brigade. They are going to put the Judge out on dry land."

* * * * * * * * * *

In discussing the legislative hearing on the anti-trust bill, he said that the committee had sent for witnesses, and "whom did they send for, my fellow citizens? Did they send for the farmer? Did they send for the laborer? Did they send for the manufacturer? Did they send for the mechanic? Did they send for the merchant? Did they send for the class of citizens who bare their breasts and their arms and their backs to the heat and burden of the day? No; they sent for the insurance agents from Pine Bluff, from Helena, and from Fort Smith. They sent for a high-collared crowd—that crowd that wear collars so high they can't see the sun except at high noon, looking over the tops of their collars. They sent for that crowd that, when they shake hands with you, they only

give you the tip of two fingers; that crowd that you can't tell from their backs whether they are going north or coming back."

Governor Davis, on March 28, 1906, defeated Senator J. H. Berry for the Democratic nomination for United States senator in the State primary to which both agreed to submit their claims. The State convention has ratified this decision, and, if the legislature carries out the wishes of the voters as thus expressed, of which there is little doubt, and provided the statement which has been made that his name is not Jefferson Davis, but Jeffries Davis, is untrue, he will be the second Jefferson Davis to hold a seat in the senate of the United States. He will certainly raise a disturbance when he gets there, too, but he may be like a "bull in a china shop." He makes himself heard on all occasions, and he has a certain degree of magnetism about him which commands attention.

Jeff Davis vanquished all his foes and won his cherished prize,
Although upsetting customs old his plans to realize.
He licked the festive "squirrel-heads" who much beset his path—
The editors who made him great—and always braved his wrath.
And thus he made another race—a demagogic race,
The like of which for all good time will ever set the pace
For a man who has an office bee a-buzzing 'round his head,
And wills to win and be on top, no matter what is said.

Editor Heiskell's analysis of Davis in the Gazette of April 1, 1906, was the lengthiest editorial which ever appeared in an Arkansas newspaper, occupying nearly eight columns. It was also one of the most masterly articles ever penned by an Arkansas editor. It attracted almost universal attention, and elicited many compliments for its gifted writer.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Gazette has been a Democratic journal for many years, and for more than thirty years a Democratic nomination for an office in Arkansas has been equivalent to an election to the position sought, with few exceptions. Years ago the custom grew up among candidates of making a formal announcement of their candidacy through the papers, which stood until the nominating convention or the primaries were held; and until recently the announcements were always carried at the head of the editorial page, but the present able editor objects to their encroachment on his department. A reasonable fee was charged for this card, and a complimentary editorial notice of the aspirant for office always appeared with the first issue containing the advertisement.

This indorsement is usually the most important part of the transaction. The announcement is worded after this fashion:

ANNOUNCEMENT—The Gazette is authorized to announce Hon. John Smith, of Blank County, as a candidate for the office of governor of Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries (or party).

Jeff Davis was the first aspirant for an important office within the Democratic party in Arkansas, since my connection with the paper, who has had the colossal nerve to try to get such a position without paying this customary tribute to the newspapers. He bade defiance to this time-honored custom, and broke into office whether or no.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Merchandise of Advertising.

A LARGE percentage of the time which I have spent in a newspaper office has been devoted to the dear advertiser and the selling of advertising space. The commodity of advertising is what really furnishes the sinews of this kind of warfare, as is

Louis Samuel Tickled Over Making a Fat Advertising Contract.

generally known. If it were not for the large revenue which comes from public announcements made through the medium of its columns, the

Gazette, like all the newspapers, would be much smaller than at the present time, even though the typesetting machine has cheapened composition very materially. Fully two-thirds of the revenue coming to the publishers of most newspapers is paid in by the advertiser; therefore he is the newspaper man's best friend. And here is where some publishers, or their advertising managers and clerks, barter off their immortal souls for a few messes of pottage. It is right here that the newspaper man encounters his greatest temptation, and usually falls. The first thing the shrewd buyer of advertising space asks, if he is on to his job, is, what is your rate, and the next question is as to your circulation. The card rate is produced, and the circulation is exaggerated from fifty to one hundred per cent by most advertising men, unless they are exceptional saints. This does not apply to the Gazette, however, as the exact truth is always told about its circulation. It is almost expected that the circulation will be lied about, and if it is not exaggerated, your competitor puts in such a mammoth claim on this line that your circulation looks like thirty cents and you lose the business. This condition grew to be so well-nigh universal that it became customary for the newspaper directories and the large users of space, such as patent medicine men, to demand a sworn circulation statement from the paper. When the Gazette

was first broached on the subject of a sworn circulation statement, we took it as a sort of a reflection, and for a time declined absolutely to furnish such a document, telling any advertiser who would not take our word for our circulation that he could stay out; but the use of such affidavits became more general and they are now regularly furnished as a matter of course.

The general advertisers are now getting the matter of proven circulation down to an exact science. A recent letter received at the Gazette office from a prominent New York advertiser stated that before remitting further bills it would be necessary that he receive an affidavit of circulation covering the following information:

"DISTRIBUTION OF CIRCULATION.

"1. Total copies mailed or delivered by carriers on paid subscriptions.

"2. Total copies sold to news companies, news stands, etc., net after deducting all returns on unsold copies.

"3. Total copies sold to newsboys, net after deducting returns.

"4. Total sent to advertisers and advertising agencies.

"5. Total exchanges.

"6. Total number of free sample copies actually mailed or otherwise distributed.

"7. Total number of papers sold in bulk, distributed free for advertisers or for political purposes.

"8. Total number returned, unsold, spoiled in printing, etc.

"9. Give actual press room run.

"N. B.—All of the eight clauses must be answered and attested before a notary. We do not want *averages*, but actual figures."

It is a wonder that they did not ask to know the number of copies sent by the advertising clerk to his sweethearts, under penalty of death for furnishing false information.

After the circulation has been proven to the satisfaction of the advertising magnate by a solemn attestation before the notary on the blank kept on tap for the purpose, the advertiser begins to beat down the rate, and all sorts of offers are made, and to get a juicy contract, temptation to give some discount when it is demanded is often almost irresistible. So that the average newspaper which enforces the charge of a uniform flat rate is perhaps the exception, and the newspaper man has a hard time to be exactly truthful in his circulation statements and absolutely fair in charging all alike for his space.

The newspaper man runs up against lots of fakers who have gold bricks to sell. Some of the patent medicine men, before referred to, are among the toughest customers we have to deal with. They are nervy, and want the earth when they come around. They must have the best position, the lowest rate and sometimes want you to print for them the most extravagant claims and barefaced lies as to the wonderful properties of their medicines. And at this

time the proprietary medicine man is going so far as to require the publisher to gather testimonials for him, and to go out and place his goods with the druggists and other dealers, if his advertisement is wanted. Then you must give him a lot of free advertising puffs, publish the picture of the alleged great inventor or medical wonder who compounds the stuff, and must accept the business through an advertising agency, which costs you a commission of from ten per cent to fifteen per cent, or pay it to the advertiser if he places it direct. Some of these advertisements are positively nauseating, and if the self-respecting publisher would draw the line where he should do so, a great many would be cut out, but the publisher is forced to be a common carrier to some extent in carrying advertisements and the space is merely rented to the advertiser to put in it what he pleases, if the matter is not illegal, indecent or libelous. The following contract form was intended to serve as a take-off or a joke, but it does not very much exaggerate the nerve evidenced by many advertisers who reap big harvests by cheaply-bought newspaper publicity:

"ADVERTISING CONTRACT.

"*Pepsin Syrup Company, Monticello, Illinois:*

"DEAR SIRS—We hereby agree to publish your advertisement in the center of the first page of each edition of the Gazette, having no other advertisement thereon, filling up the front

page with the latest and most attractive telegraph news of the day. We have just refused to renew contracts for 370,000 agate lines from seventy-eight advertisers who have been with us for 100 years, and who have paid for all of their ads. in advance, and who did not ask us to advertise in their catalogues or directories and who never tried to sell us any ink, type, mailing machines or labor saving devices of any kind.

"We agree to send you proof each day of your ad. as inserted on the front page of our paper, a consideration accorded to no other advertiser than yourselves. This, in connection with the foregoing, should convince you that we are not making any other contract at anywhere as low a figure as the price named for yours, the same being just one-half the price charged our lowest patron.

"We agree to send you as many copies of the paper as you desire for yourself or for your friends, and at the end of the year, when you desire to make up your books prior to settlement, shall be glad to express to you our files, that you may compare same with papers sent out from time to time and all ads. that are not put in the part of the paper that you think would be most advantageous, shall be deducted from your bill.

"We agree to refuse to print the advertisement of any other firm who shall offer copy touching on a preparation that is in any way competitive to yours, and shall refuse to insert the advertisements or deliver the paper by carrier even when paid for, to any druggist who shall refuse to carry your goods in stock in gross lots. We guarantee that the advertising in our paper shall create for you a demand from which you will sell twenty-five times the number of dollars worth of goods that your advertising costs in our paper.

"Should you desire annual passes to the theaters, race tracks, street fairs and national conventions held in our city, or any other city hard by, we shall deem it a special favor if you allow us to furnish same to you with our compliments.

"We agree to procure for you at least twenty-five testimonials each week from governors, presidents and others of high degree, each of whom has taken every other preparation known to suffering humanity and tried every doctor without success, and who was finally cured by reading your advertisement and buying a bottle of your medicine.

"Kindly let us know as soon as is convenient how much transportation you and your friends and families can use over the railroad, steamship, interurban and stage lines in the United States, Canada, Philippine Islands and Missouri, that we may furnish you with sufficient mileage.

"We agree to run a full page free for every six inches of display advertising that you shall give us at the schedule rates, and agree to renew this contract each year for ten years at a lower rate than named herein.

"You may furnish us mental copy, the thought being sufficient. We shall weave the words and illustrations, which we believe will be more convenient to you than to have plates or mats prepared, or even to write the ad.

"Advertising not in accordance with this contract shall be run for you at nothing per inch, position requested; payable semiannually as used, it being understood that you will use during one year from the date of your first insertion, at least 10,000 inches, you to furnish copy and keep us supplied with schedule giving date of insertions of your ads. during the year, we to put you on the mailing list at once.

"Firm.....

"City.....

"Paper.....

"Circulation.....

"Every day.....

"Size .....

"Accepted..... "By.....

"..... "Date....."

Don't Want to Buy the Paper.

The fellow who makes you real mad is the one who has written you inquiring for your advertising rates, and upon receiving same, because the rates are higher than he expects, replies sarcastically that he didn't want to buy the paper, but just wanted a little space in it. He thinks he has said something smart.

Most advertisements are prosy and commonplace, but we had one enterprising user of space, in the grocery business, whose mind, or that of his able ad. writer, always seemed to rise above the commonplace and to revert to rhyme when composing his advertisements. He rhymed nearly everything with his name, which was Kime, we will say. He printed a great many rich classical effusions, such as the following, sometimes getting his poetical feet mixed up with groceries.

Kime's Rhymes.

Kime keeps a hustling always for your dime;
Eight bars of soap for a quarter all the time;
Remember us when you 're in need of lime;
Our Fletcher coffee it is very fine,
As will be demonstrated February nine;
Let everybody have a cup with Kime.

Some sordid people do not appreciate high-class poetry, such as Kime's and mine, and several of our subscribers seemed tired of this continual Kimeing rhyming, and one day one of them sent in this metrical protest:

KIME'S RHYMES.

The police should fine him many times
For perpetrating rotten rhymes.
Some hungry men who like to roar
Will read the ads. about his store
And then go out upon the street
And throw up all the food they eat.
If he were any kin of mine
I 'd smash the face of this man Kime.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Esteemed Subscriber—Our Field Representatives—The Office Punster.

I HAVE explained that the chief revenue of a newspaper comes from its advertising, but the ability to obtain and hold this advertising is due largely to the extent and character of your circulation; although you have to then go after it intelligently, through good solicitors. While the Gazette's circulation has never been quite as large as it might seem that it should be, considering the fact that it is the State paper par excellence, the reading population of Arkansas not being as numerous as it should be, and mail facilities being poor, the paper has always been proud that its subscription lists contained most of the best people in the State, and its name is a household word in its territory.

The paper has gone regularly to some homes in which it has been read by the first, second, and third generations. Children have learned to read by studying its columns. T. J. Julian, at Lanson, Newton County, has been a subscriber for it for forty-nine years; the late George W. Atkins, when he died, had been a subscriber to it at Noble Lake and Little

Rock for fifty years; J. M. Harkey, at Russellville, took it for forty years; the late Judge Ben T. DuVal, of Fort Smith, for nearly forty years; P. J. O'Brien, of Little Rock, has been a subscriber for twenty-nine years; Colonel John L. Hughes, of Benton, has been a subscriber for forty-two years, and A. A.

"I 'll Work That Publisher."

Adams, of Adamsville, took it for forty years. These are merely examples that have come under my observation. There are many others.

The subscriber is what every paper has to hustle for, and in these days of great competition all sorts

of inducements are offered and schemes resorted to to boost circulation. Prizes, premiums, guessing contests, voting contests and other plans are used to capture the elusive subscriber.

Then, when you get him, he wants to tell you how to run the paper, and you might as well attempt to invent perpetual motion as to try to please all. No other enterprise is subject to so much criticism. Charles Dudley Warner once wrote that there were scattered through the land many persons, he was sorry to say, who were unable to pay for a newspaper, but he had never heard of one who was unable to edit one. Opie Read replied to this joke by saying that he was wrong; that there was on that particular day a man in Arkansas who was unable to edit a newspaper, but he had died the day before.

One great trouble which the editor has is in satisfying people who want news withheld which in some way may reflect on them or have a bearing on their business or private affairs. A certain great dignitary quit speaking to me and fell out with the whole Gazette force because our editorial department would not be persuaded by his friends to omit mention of a street fight which he got into, our editor contending, and rightly, that the bigger the man the more important the item, and that it could not be overlooked. I had no more to do with the publication of the item, of course, than did the man in the moon, and did not know anything about it

until after it was printed; but the offended Big Ike got mad at everybody connected with the establishment.

If the dear subscriber does not absolutely insist on telling you how to run the paper, he often wants to help you fill up your columns with his supposed valuable ideas, when you are actually crowding out good, live news, or insists on jumping on somebody real hard without signing his name. Our old friends, "Pro Bono Publico," "Vox Populi," "Veritas," "Subscriber," "Citizen," "Fair Play," "Constant Reader," "Inquirer," and others too numerous to mention, have filled many columns of the Gazette's space in years gone by.

We also have some subscribers whom the fool-killer ought to get. For instance, one man wrote recently:

"I failed to get my paper last week. Please write me what 's in it. A. Y. B."

Another handed the editor this complimentary package:

"Please stop my paper at onst. It 's too rotten for pantry shelf paper. A. C. D."

And here is a peacherina, in the Josh Billings style of reformed phonetic spelling:

"Line, Ashley County, Ark., Jany 1s, 1906.

"Mistur Editur of th Gazzettee, Sum tyme in Deecembur i perscribed fer youre papur i receved 2 kopies and then yu

Discontiard it Without Me noing inthing a bout it Has it fell thru or did it dye in this electon has the editur bin mobed by the Davis Men or has the Wood fellers Caste him in prisson or what the h—l is the matter with hym i wants yer to surply Me with the Missing numburs or Send me mi money. send me a pictur o Jeff Davis as ever your frende D. Q. L."

Here is a consoling kind of a missive, of which several are received in the course of a year:

"Stop my paper. I am getting more papers than I can read."

He never says why he does not stop some of the other papers. We generally write to this kind of an unappreciative cuss and suggest to him that he discontinue some of the other and inferior papers which he is receiving and continue to take ours—"the State's leading, oldest and largest newspaper," which he would be compelled to have in order to keep up with current affairs, etc., but when a man decides to discontinue his paper it is hard to convince him of the error of his way by means of correspondence.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these"—to the newspaper man—"Stop my paper."

We received a letter from the postmaster at Woods, Arkansas, one day, as follows:

"GENTS: Daniel Stephenson does n't get his paper any more at this office; he 's dead; shall I send it to the dead letter office? POSTMASTER."

And here is a similar one:

"Bill Smith's paper should be stopped. He is dead, and did not leave his forwarding address. P. M."

An appreciative but moneyless man mailed us one day the following bewhiskered chestnut, with his request that we extend him further credit on an already overdue subscription account:

"Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know that times are close
And dollars hard to get.

"I can't afford to drop it,
And I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
However others may.

"I hate to ask the neighbors
To give me theirs on loan.
They don't just say, but mean it,
Why don't you have your own?"

It is necessary for a newspaper to have men out in the field all the time to solicit subscribers and straighten out kinks. Two of the best solicitors the Gazette ever had were L. S. Dunaway and P. H. McHenry.

MR. AND MRS. MCHENRY.

Phil H. McHenry served the Gazette faithfully for a number of years as a representative in the field. He finally became too decrepit from rheumatism to be able to make the rounds. His wife made a trip or two for him while letting him rest, thinking that he would be able to go back on the road soon afterward. He got no better, and, having found that she could do the work, she continued in the field successfully, and has been engaged in this way for several years. Mr. McHenry is lucky in having a wife who could thus come to his assistance, and she reminds me of Irving's sketch of "The Wife," wherein he says:

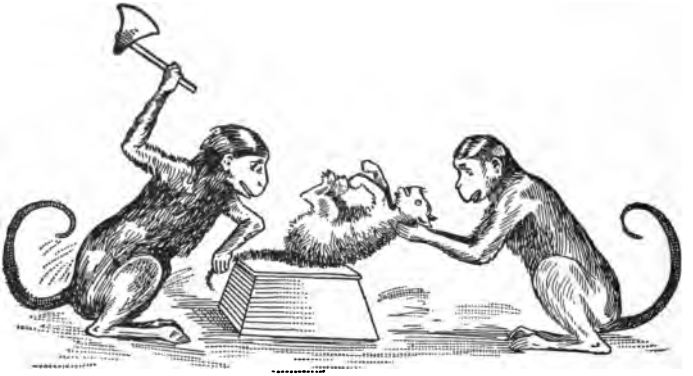
"Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

"As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and build up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace

when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart."

L. S. DUNAWAY.

L. S. Dunaway, or "Sharp," as he is more familiarly known, is the envy of all subscription men in this territory. He knows everybody and is a natural-born subscription getter. He has a great rigmarole,



Making a Long Tail (Tale) Short.

or spiel, which he recites to gain the attention of the victim when he approaches him for an order. It goes something like this, with the frills:

"Let me put you down for the Gazette. To make a long tale short, it gives you all the State and Associated Press news, market reports, Supreme Court decisions, weather

predictions, crop prospects, political items, personal gossip, the war intelligence, baseball news, racing events, and so forth. It will keep you posted. What 's your address?''

''Oh, I don't want to take the Gazette,'' the besieged replies, ''I wouldn't let my yellow dog sleep on it.''

''Come, now, you are too prominent a man not to take your leading State paper. It will tell you all about free silver, sound money, the legislature, Congress, the anti-trust law, the North and South railroad, the Philippines, Jeff Davis, the Arkansas boodlers, the State fair, and everything that you want to know.''

''No, it 's not my politics; I ain 't got no time to read much, no way.''

But Dunaway is insistent, and he persists further by telling him that he will take the subscription price in ''chittlings, cheese, wool socks, sawdust, buttermilk, prunes, potatoes, persimmons, cordwood, possum-hunting, preaching, fishing, foot racing, money, marbles, or chalk—''

The poor fellow sees it is no use, succumbs to the inevitable, and impatiently interrupts him by handing him a greasy half-dollar and telling him to send the paper as long as that will pay for.

He is now enrolled on the list, and if he ever gets off of same it is because Dunaway, Mrs. McHenry, or the balance of the force are unable to locate him afterward. It has been said that it was necessary to resort to the popular procedure of getting out an injunction to get the Gazette stopped after it had been subscribed for, but, fortunately, it is not often

necessary, as most readers like it so well that they cannot do without it, and even the children cry for it, like they are said to do for one of the remedies advertised in our columns—Castoria.

EXTENDING A GLAD HELPING HAND.

Robert J. Brown, of the traveling force, tells an amusing experience had with a kindly disposed customer in an inland town. Mr. Brown was engaged in writing up the town for the paper, and was soliciting subscriptions from the leading citizens for extra copies. He had received several orders for one hundred to five hundred lots each, when he called on the richest man in the place. When the project was explained to him, this gentleman took him warmly by the hand, and, congratulating him, said:

"Yes, I am glad you are doing this work; we need it, and I am pleased to help it along. You may put me down for a copy."

"How many did you say—one hundred copies?" asked Mr. Brown.

"No; one copy," replied the gentleman.

"You don 't mean that you want only one copy?"

"Yes; that 's all I can read."

"Well, but don't you want to send some away to your friends, or to prospective settlers?"

"I can borrow Jim Jones' copy to read and send my copy out if I can think of anybody to send it to."

And with the utmost seriousness and best of intentions and evident good will, he slowly and deliberately drew a whole nickel from his long jeans pocket and handed it over to the newspaper man, apparently thinking that he was doing the proper and the generous thing.

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Brown. "If all would come up as promptly and as handsomely as you I would have no trouble in getting up enough business to make my work encouraging to myself and profitable to the paper. Good day, sir."

E. O. BAGLEY, THE OFFICE PUNSTER.

For several years Mr. E. O. Bagley, an exceptionally bright and clever gentleman, has been connected with the Gazette in the capacity of Chief Punster, but who incidentally has charge of the city circulation of the paper. Mr. Bagley is the most confirmed punster I ever knew, and he has become so thoroughly addicted to the bad habit that I am afraid his case is absolutely hopeless. Various kinds of treatment have been proposed for him, including change of climate, but to no avail. Punning goes merrily on in his department, and he appears to have no desire to lead a better life. Nothing comes up or goes on that Ed's ever ready pun on same is not immediately forthcoming. For instance, when the

Japanese admiral, Togo, licked the Russians and sank most of their ships in the Straits of Korea, on May 29, 1905, Mr. Bagley innocently remarked:

"The czar of Russia will probably receive the following ambiguous telegram from Rojestvensky:

" 'I have met the Japs, and I have To-go. Charge my ships to the sinking fund.' "

Whereupon T. F. Kimbell, city editor, almost as bad a punster, replied:

"Well, you must have been Russian the growler."

If I had time and were not so seriously inclined I would write a book on the subject of "Fun in a Printing Office."

MR. BAGLEY'S IDEA OF CHAOS.

Below is Mr. Bagley's definition of chaos:

"The press is late in starting up. Twenty-five anxious carriers are waiting and clamoring for papers, in order that they may get through early, and the papers are not forthcoming. Fifty white newsboys are begging earnestly for enough papers to supply their regular customers. Seventy-five to eighty negro boys are yelling at the top of their voices for papers. Everybody is talking and swearing at once. Small armfuls of papers are being handed up through the paper chute, but not rapidly enough to supply the demand. The newsboys are impatient and restless, and will not understand why

they cannot get their papers at once. It is necessary to 'fire out' about forty of them in order to preserve some kind of order. Anxious subscribers all over the city are told that 'the boy will be there in a few minutes,' but sometimes it is impossible to make good this promise when the paper is yet in the white roll. Six o'clock has arrived. White newsboys, black newsboys, belated carriers, all waiting, and the telephone has to be plugged to assist in quieting the confusion.

"That's chaos."

ROY L. THOMPSON.

Speaking of the city circulation manager reminds me that I came near overlooking and slighting one of my earliest acquaintances and friends, Roy L. Thompson, who was also for a long time lessee and manager of our city circulation business. (I presume that I will yet overlook some who deserve this simple recognition, for I have undertaken more of a job than I counted on; but if this exciting (?) little book ever sees the light of day, and I do not get mobbed by an outraged people for perpetrating it, I may venture to write a second volume, in order to do the subject justice and ring in all my friends.) Roy Thompson, when he managed the city subscription list, was known as the city circulator, and he filled the title, at least, admirably, for he always has been

a circulator in more ways than one. Roy's younger brother, Erle, was another of the well-known and enterprising Thompson boys who was with us for quite a while.

J. N. HEISKELL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Heiskell Family and Editorial Associates

IN JUNE, 1902, a controlling interest in the Gazette passed from W. B. Worthen to C. W., J. N. and F. Heiskell, of Memphis.

It was my intention to leave the concern and go into the Allsopp & Chapple book store, which business I had embarked in as a small investor several years previously—partly because of a love of books and partly to provide against just such an emergency as I supposed had arisen in this instance. I had no idea of remaining or of being asked to stay; in fact, I was anxious to get out, as the book business referred to was growing and prospering, and, I believed, offered better financial prospects for me. My successor as business manager, as I supposed, had been selected, but to my surprise I was asked to remain in charge of the business office, and at a material increase in salary. I was also given the opportunity of buying some stock in the company. I decided to accept, if I could arrange the financial part of the transaction, and I was successful in doing this, thanks to my relatives and a friendly banker. It has proven a lucky investment and a good change for me, for I could not possibly have better associates.

J. N. Heiskell and Fred Heiskell assumed the positions of editor-in-chief and managing editor, respectively. These young men are two of Nature's noblemen, educated and polished. Their entrance into Little Rock and the local newspaper field was the subject of a great deal of comment, especially among the craft, and there were some prophecies of failure on their part. Being young, and strangers, they did not at once inspire entire approval. They were foolishly regarded by some as college paper journalists, and had been referred to as "high school boys" (probably suggested by the sound of the name Heiskell), some of the brethren of the quill and shears holding them a little in contempt. But the knowing ones were mistaken for once. Those who had sized up these gentlemen as novices were badly mistaken. They "made good," as the slang saying goes, proving themselves to be level-headed, talented, well-posted, and, in fact, brilliant editors. They are fast making splendid reputations for themselves and adding much to the popularity and prestige of the paper. Their administration of the editorial department has been quite successful from every standpoint. They have added many strong features, strengthened the news service greatly, and worked early and late to add tone, character and beauty to Arkansas' leading newspaper. There are no strings tied to them, either, and they are absolutely clean and above suspicion of any kind. They at once

surrounded themselves with good talent in their assistants, and have been fortunate in attracting competent men as contributors. Both have had long newspaper experience. J. N. Heiskell was graduated from the University of Tennessee in June, 1893, and went to work on the Knoxville Tribune the next day. He was successively reporter and managing editor on the Tribune, managing editor of the Knoxville Sentinel, reporter, city editor and night editor of the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, editor of the Southern news report in the office of the Associated Press at Chicago, and manager of the Associated Press at Louisville, Kentucky. He came from the latter city to Little Rock.

Fred Heiskell received his newspaper training on the Memphis Scimitar, and left the city editorship of that paper to go to Manila as secretary to General Luke E. Wright of the Philippine Commission. He resigned that position to join his brother on the Gazette.

J. N. HEISKELL.

J. N. Heiskell is particularly well balanced, is highly educated and perfectly devoted to his profession. Delane, one of the great editors of the London Times, who is said to have been so entirely devoted to that great "Thunderer," and would positively allow absolutely nothing to interfere with his

editorial duties during certain long hours each day, could not be more engrossed by or in love with his chosen profession than he, nor was he any more conscientious in regard to his duties or higher in his aims. He goes to his little sanctum early in the morning, removes his street coat and dons a somewhat threadbare office jacket, puts on an eye-shade, and works, as he says, on schedule time. For a man a little over thirty years of age he is a veritable journalistic wonder—clear-headed, cool, conservative, and discriminating. Slim and delicate in appearance, he is yet deliberate, determined, firm, unflinching, full of nerve, and unshakable. In fact, with the qualifications mentioned, his knowledge, love of right and justice, and punctilious regard for the ethics of the profession, he simply makes an ideal editor. He is not a hired man who writes at the dictation of a corporation, but he is an editor in fact as well as in name, and one whose influence is recognized and will be felt down to future generations. His recent fights against the proposed city hall and auditorium, which he conceived to be extravagant, and in favor of adequate sewers and needed pavements for the city, are examples of his work. He is such a close student of affairs and elucidates so thoroughly every public question which comes up, that the regular perusal of his editorials, in connection with the news of the day, affords the reader a liberal education, and it is almost a mystery

to the writer of these pages how any intelligent citizen of Arkansas can possibly exist without the Gazette under his editorship. He is a worthy successor to Woodruff and the long line of illustrious editors of this paper. Since he has been connected with the paper Mr. Heiskell has been offered a flattering position on one of the largest of the New York dailies.

FRED HEISKELL.

Fred Heiskell is a number one news man, a whole-souled, witty fellow, who wins the hearts of all with whom he comes in contact. He is really a genius, but he is thoroughly impregnated with the heretical idea that the editorial room is that part of the newspaper dog which wags the tail, and he would think nothing at any time of leaving out a good cash-earning advertisement of general interest to the public in order to get in an unimportant news item. Many's the spat he has had with the poor foreman over just such a case, and in trying to squeeze one hundred columns of news into fifty columns of available space on crowded days. He believes with all his heart and soul in giving the dear people "all the news that's fit to print," and the way he keeps the news hopper full is a caution.

Fred Heiskell is a humorist, too. There was printed in the Gazette of November 19, 1905, a

sketch entitled "Wanted, an Office Boy," which was simply uproariously funny. It was a "plaint" about the idiosyncrasies of the general run of office boys employed in his department. I take the liberty of making a few quotations from same:

"Dealing with these boys from a broad viewpoint, all were the same. Some had more freckles than others, some were taller, some were fatter, but all smoked cigarettes and cigars and eke the boss' pipe when he was absent, all were pert and also pugnacious and all swore like sailors, which last grated harshly on the unaccustomed ears of the young men who work while you sleep (that must have come out of a street car—it seems strangely familiar) and give you each morning the news of your city, your State, your county and strange lands beyond the seas.

"Still, what may one expect of a lad who is forced to turn night into day, to hold his own against armies of hostile Postal and Western Union messenger boys, to sit in the office when the police reporter tells the office over the phone that there is a murder in this street or a suicide in that or when there is a big fire early in the morning just before the last form is closed, and every available man is hurried out to handle the story in as few words as possible? True, those men are working, but they get to see the dead and talk to the murderer and watch the fire and hear the firemen yell, don't they? They don't have to stay in the office and carry 'copy' back to the composing room, where galley boys slosh benzine and daub ink and jeer at editorial room office boys. They don't have to run errands and be 'kidded' by reporters and roasted just because they try to catch a wink of sleep at the busiest time on election night.

"One, a few minutes after his first night's work had begun, was started to a nearby tobacconist with a quarter of a dollar belonging to a reporter and an order to purchase one of the

peculiarly offensive pieces of Chinese punk which that reporter smokes. That careless little office boy forgot to return or to send back the piece of punk or the quarter or even a word of farewell.

"Another lad was started to the post office for mail two hours after he came to work, for the first time. It was summer. The soft, silvery light from the pale moon sifted through the heavy foliage in the post-office yard, painting delicate traceries on the granolith walks (oh, very well, Amelie Rives), and on the upturned face of that cute little office boy. For he laid himself down there and slept—dreaming with the mail in his tightly-clenched hand, guarding his sacred trust even in his sleep.

"Looking down the dreary vista (down, Amelie, down), peopled with office boys who have been with us, one stands out in bold relief. That one is Payne. He could lick any messenger boy in the city; he could answer the telephone without hurting the feelings of the person at the other end; he could deliver a message as it was given to him; he could stay awake—generally he could; in fact he was a star. Here's to you, Payne. You've got the makings, and we'll hear from you when you're grown—those of us that are here to hear.

"Then, there was Muggsy. He wasn't anybody's American Beauty, for his nose had been broken and his mouth was large, but he was an entire three-ringed circus. And a literary man, too, was Muggsy. He knew the life-story of Jesse James and all the other bandits, the pedigree of all the baseball celebrities and the fighting weight of all the pugilists. Muggsy hired himself to the office. He was a messenger boy in the days when the man who hired them had his dinner sent in to him every evening. Muggsy arrived one evening at mealtime and seemed to be waiting for something. He was asked if he had a telegram for the office and he cheerily answered, no. He was asked what he wanted and he candidly answered, 'Some of that

supper.' He got it and each evening thereafter he was present just after grace had been said, and stayed until after nuts. One evening he announced that he had decided to go to work as editorial room office boy.

"After Muggsy many came, won the undying enmity of the editorial room force and left, some of them hurriedly with some of the office furniture following them to the door; some silently and calmly, without so much as telling us about it. Then one bright day the quizzical Mr. Dugan, the quaint comedian of Buttermilk Hill, was signed. The fact is, Mr. Dugan did not live on or near Buttermilk Hill, and when some one first made the statement that his habitat was there, he denied it, but when the office force insisted on making the statement, he cheerily admitted that he lived there. Mr. Dugan was a philosopher as well as a comedian. He was the Sol Smith Russell of the office boys, and his comedy was not of the slapstick variety. It was clean and clear cut.

"One Christmas night Mr. Dugan (he was always so addressed by the office force, because of his solemn manner) induced a friendly printer to set up, in bold type, the following placard:

"I am blinder than a bat.
"Please help me.

"Pinning the sign to the front of his coat, he moved slowly about the office with his eyes shut, presenting his hat to each man there. It netted him $6.85.

"At midnight some of the office force ordered a bounteous supper, and Mr. Dugan was invited to 'sit in.' He sat and did ample justice to the meal. When it was finished the cigars were passed and Mr. Dugan took one. He lighted it, leaned back in his chair, placed his feet on the table, jangled the coins in his pocket and remarked, 'I'd give $14.00 for the feelin's of a poor man.' "

FRED HEISKELL.

It was one of these little fiends who caught me for a quarter on one Christmas Eve with a printed placard, reading: "Don't forget that this is Christmas. Come across."

To show the versatility of Fred Heiskell, I will also reproduce one of his poems. During the great yellow fever epidemic, and consequent quarantines, of 1905, it will be remembered that there was a threatened rupture between the State governments of Louisiana and Mississippi. One night there was handled by him an Associated Press dispatch which told of the meeting at a Mississippi River border quarantine station of a Louisiana steamer and a Mississippi boat, both commanded by quarantine officers or State guards, when a clash of arms was narrowly averted. The item inspired Mr. Heiskell to, at lunch time, dash off the following satirical skit, which was published in the Gazette, and went the rounds, causing much comment and amusement:

THE BATTLE OF LAKE BORGNE.

At 4:00 o'clock the Wolverine II, under command of Lieutenant F. D. Armstrong, was ordered to travel as fast as possible to the Rigolets. It was about 7:00 o'clock and nearly dark when the big launch came up to the quarantine station of Louisiana. Down at the drawbridge the searchlight of the Grace, a Mississippi boat, was seen, and a few moments later the Grace came up to the Rigolets and hailed the Wolverine II. She demanded to know where the Wolverine II was bound and was promptly told that it was none of her business. The Wolverine came to the Rigolets to await the arrival of Captain Bostick and receive further orders.—Associated Press Dispatch.

Where the swamp mist rises slowly
From Lake Borgne, the fever water,
Under dank moss swinging, swaying,
Are the boats of Louisiana,

Naval vessels which strike terror,
Boats of awful size and power,
Twenty feet or maybe longer,
Hurried thither by the Governor,
To protect old Louisiana
From the State of Mississippi
And her soldiers clad in khaki,
Or some other sort of covering.
For the governors of these peoples
Are full of Mudjekeewis,
(Mudjekeewis meaning wind)
And other kinds of keewis.
All the many kinds of keewis,
Hot and cold and tepid keewis,
And likewise conversation.
Still and cold the pale moon rises,
'Bove the waters of the bayous,
And across its silver surface
Is the blood print, the bad omen
Which means war and awful slaughter,
Awful slaughter, tears and pensions.
"Sacre bleu!" says Louisiana,
"Likewise dad-gum his picture;
Shall we see our State invaded
And our sailors in the cooler,
In the Mississippi cooler,
With the fleas and with the niggers?
Toot the bugle! Sound the tum-tum!
Call the braves from out the club rooms,
From the counters, where the ribbons
By the maidens are be-fingered—
Sacre blue! likewise dad-gum it!"
"Sound the pibroch," says Mississip,
"The pibroch of our people—

The dinner horn they call it—
Gather all ye gallant yeomen
From the fields, come to the standard,
Tell Bill Jones to bring his rifle,
And Sammy Smith his blow gun,
Gather men, and God have mercy
On the sons of Louisiana,
They have dared to put the finger
To the nose, and then to wiggle it—
Not the nose, the finger—gather
For the bloody, awful fray."
So they came, the valiant warmen,
From the States that should be friendly,
Came where the swamp mist rises,
Bringing hot air and provisions,
Many canned goods for the soldiers
And wet goods for the sailors.
Waves the flag of Louisiana
On the warships of her navy,
And her sailors, calm, collected—
Collected from the ribbon counter
And the club room—stand ready.
Mississippi men are moving—
Great Spirit, stop this slaughter!
Don't let them get together,
Good old Spirit, please I ask you.
Closer draw the braves, the warmen,
With their mouths already shotted
With words of stinging nature.
Tall and straight stands big Tom Walker,
Big Tom of Mississippi,
"Hi, there! where are you wenting?"
It is Big Tom that is talking,
Talking straight and some grammatic,

Talking straight as any talker
Ever talked in Mississippi,
To the Wolverine, a warship
Of the State of Louisiana.
See! the Wolverine has halted,
Steady, men, there's something doin'.
Out steps the gallant captain
And to Big Tom he made answer
And he says, says he, the Captain,
"None o' your business where I am going."
To big Tom these words he spoken
And sailed away in glory.
So the awful carnage ended,
In Lake Borgne, the fever water,
Where the swamp mist rises slowly,
Where armadas meet in battle.

T. FARRELLY KIMBELL.

One of the good old stand-bys of the paper, whom the Messrs. Heiskell wisely retained, was T. Farrelly Kimbell. This gentleman is one of the most capable newspaper men in Arkansas, and his knowledge of State affairs makes him invaluable. Although modest and unassuming, he possesses the necessary ability and experience to satisfactorily fill almost any position on a paper, from editor-in-chief down, and on the news desk or as a reporter, to size up and properly handle a big item he never had a superior. The Gazette owners owe a great debt of gratitude

T. FARRELLY KIMBELL.

to Farrelly Kimbell for the ability which he has put into his work and for his never-failing loyalty during his long term of service with the paper.

T. A. WRIGHT.

Another talented *attaché* of the editorial room is T. A. Wright, a man of unusual journalistic ability and general information, who holds a position as advertising manager for a large jewelry establishment, and, besides, writes dramatic criticisms and book reviews, supplies interviews and does a Sunday stunt under the title of "What Goeth On," signed "The Looker-On," which would do credit to the original of that pen-name. I received the following characteristic note from him one day while he was conducting the latter feature:

"*Colonel Allsopp:*

"Pegasus halts for need of a wooden crutch—in other words, the 'What Goeth On' column has to be pushed along with a Faber, and the 'Looker On' has no Faber—no Faber, no 'What Goeth On.' Sabe?

"WRIGHT."

ALBERT BELDING.

Another old stand-by is Albert Belding, familiarly known as "Pete," who does baseball and other sports to the satisfaction of the people, and who is a good all-around reporter and a nice fellow personally.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Newspaper Jokes and Blunders—The Correspondents.

THE newspaper is a sort of public football, to be kicked and cuffed about. Everybody reads it, and the people would not do without it; but they do not often give it its due or respect the feelings of the men who make it. It is absolutely public property, and subject to be "cussed," discussed and abused by all. Some fear it, but if they can impose on it, get it for nothing, work it for a free advertisement, or play a joke on it, they appear to have no compunctions of conscience about doing it.

Speaking of jokes, one night some time in 1893, a "special" was received in the Gazette news room to the effect that in excavating an old mound near Malvern, Arkansas, a lot of wonderful things had been unearthed, among them, I suppose, a fossil ichthyosaurus or two, etc., but especially mentioning an old earthen pot bearing an inscription which the correspondent said was Latin. The item looked all right, if the supposed inscription did contain "hog Latin," and was published in good faith, with appropriate headlines, prominently on the first page. In a day or two the paper began to hear from this. A

practical joker, whose name I believe was Doty, a railroad man, had put up a job on the telegraph editor, who had swallowed the bait, hook and all. Attention was called to the fact that a proper arrangement of the letters in the ingenious pretended inscription spelled a line in English which rendered it a horrid thing to appear in a respectable paper. Presumably the hoaxer had put some of his friends on to the joke, for hardly could anybody have figured this out by casually reading it, when it had passed the eagle eye of the telegraph editor. The story soon traveled to Little Rock and all over the State. It caused a great deal of merriment among the vulgar-minded, at the paper's expense. Other papers have been worked with similar fakes, and this one may have been played before, but I have not heard of its having appeared elsewhere.

I am reminded by the foregoing episode of a joke which was cruelly perpetrated on our "reptile contemporary" (the epithet is used in a kindly spirit, "reptile contemporary" having been a favorite way the late Professor James Mitchell had of referring to his newspaper brethren), the Democrat, in March, 1905, by a young man about town. This paper reduced its price on the street from five to two cents the copy, and was doing a great deal of blowing about it. Besides hiring imported news men to shout the fact through megaphones, they published about two columns of interviews each day for a while,

praising themselves gushingly for their self-styled enterprise and liberality. A certain well-known wag sent them a testimonial in the form of verse, and arranged as an acrostic, commending the paper fulsomely, but the first letter of each line of which, when read successively from top to bottom, gave the lie to the balance of it. It was "loaded," but our friends of the Democrat bit like good fellows. Will Mitchell, the manager, who is seldom caught napping, is reported as handling the piece and as saying when he sent it back to the composing room that it was rotten poetry, but the spirit of it was all right. It turned out that there was a little venom hidden in the package of sweet compliments. The thing was as follows:

"IT'S JUST THE THING.

"This 2-cent paper's just the thing,
How can we do without it?
Everybody in the town
Should lend their aid toward it.
Entire circulation trebled,

"Advertising value doubled,
Returns to the merchant great,
Every paper in the State,

"Don't forget to emulate
Arkansas' greatest paper.
More good than we estimate
Now awaits our grand old State.

"Little children, old and young,
In their home when work is done
Engage their time before retiring
Scanning all the news transpiring."

"AN ADMIRER."

The Democrat did not print any more testimonials for a long time.

I am also reminded of two jokes which the same paper played on itself. In October, 1903, a big circus was billed to show its mammoth aggregation of wonders in Little Rock on a certain day. The Democrat had put in type and printed a very elaborate write-up of the parade which the show had advertised to give, as usual, at noon before the afternoon of the appearance of this issue of the paper, as papers sometimes do, and in the case of circuses the gentlemanly and accommodating press representatives frequently write or furnish printed notices in advance, as it saves the paper trouble and the show gets its compensation by receiving a better notice than it would obtain if the paper were left to write it itself. The notice of the parade which the Democrat printed read very nicely, and probably would have been as truthful as most write-ups of circus parades are, but in this instance the circus had been derailed and delayed en route, and no parade or exhibition had been given on that day, and so the Democrat was put "in the hole." Newspaper men, of course, notice and enjoy this sort of "break" more than the public does. Our editor, Mr. Heiskell, took advantage of the situation to poke a little fun at the Democrat, which he did in excellent style, quoting amusingly some of the extravagant language applied to the spectacle, which,

he wrote, had paraded only through the columns of the paper—"the big elephants shuffling along, holding each others' tails, as cutely as could be," etc. The incident naturally occasioned much laughter.

The other incident occurred in November, 1904, when the Democrat unintentionally printed the president's message to Congress before it was released, and one day before it was delivered. (The president's message and many other public documents of general interest, as most people know, are usually supplied to the newspapers in printed form several days in advance, to be released by wire.) The Democrat got in a "scoop" on the Gazette and every other newspaper in the country, and was doubtless thought to be very enterprising by some of its readers, but the mistake may have come near losing that paper its Associated Press franchise, or causing it to pay a heavy penalty, according to the rules of the Associated Press, for the violation of the confidence reposed in it when the copy was furnished.

I mean no ill will or maliciousness toward the Democrat or those who controlled its destinites at that time, because I relate these little jokes at its expense, as the Democrat people are very good friends of mine, and I think a great deal of the Mitchell family, who then conducted it, as well as of George C. Naylor, Clio Harper, and others of the staff, who now own it, but I thought the stories too good to be lost. Colonel James Mitchell, an able

editor and one of Arkansas' greatest men, who edited this paper for many years, was one of the best friends I ever had.

The Gazette has made mistakes and been caught, too.

On July 20, 1905, the Democrat had the misfortune to be burned out, lock, stock and barrel, and we of the Gazette took upon ourselves the neighborly duty of printing their paper for them, for a consideration—and, as a matter of fact, printed for them the best looking paper they ever sent to their subscribers.

ELBERT SMITHEE'S GOWROW.

Some time in 1897 there appeared in the Gazette an article and picture which startled, or, at least, was enough to startle, the entire world of scientists, naturalists, and zoölogists—or that part of it which saw same. This was Elbert Smithee's Gowrow story, illustrated by Elmer Burrus, an expert chalk-plate artist, who was then illustrating the daily issues of the paper, caricaturing the legislature and otherwise livening up things with his celebrated specimens of high art. Elbert, a very talented writer, who was serving as assistant editor to his father, had a commercial traveler friend named William Miller, who had been up in Northwest Arkansas and brought back with him the tail—no, a tale—of a wonderful animal which had been killed up there, which was

like unto nothing which had ever been seen on land or in sea before. He and Elbert talked about it—over a lemonade. Elbert went out with some of the boys that night, and, after taking another lemonade or soda and smoking a good cigar, wrote up the yarn, drawing profusely on a vivid imagination, warmed and livened up with good fellowship, to develop any material or immaterial point necessary to embellish

Elbert Smithee's Gowrow.

it. Then he and the artist got together, when the aforesaid picturegraphist also became thoroughly enthused over the alleged discovery. The result was that the combined geniuses of the Munchausen-like commercial tourist, the imaginative editor and the talented artist, inspired by Garibaldi's best (Garibaldi's is a widely-known bar, across the alley—

called "Paradise Alley"—from the Gazette office, and which in days gone by has been more or less popular with the newspaper boys), had evolved the picture represented by the accompanying crude illustration and a story which read like a fairy tale of the wonderful animal, which they denominated the Gowrow, because it was said to utter a cry sounding like its name when engaged in its terrible work of exterminating whatever live object it came across. Miller was supposed to have been in Blanco, Calf Creek Township, Searcy County, Arkansas, when this terrible monster was slaughtering nightly cattle, horses, hogs, dogs and cats by the wholesale, and terrorizing the community, for those who had seen the ponderous animal were horrified by its hideous shape. He organized a posse, armed with shotguns and Winchesters. The tracks of the Gowrow were followed until an enormous cave, near a lake, was found. This cave was evidently its home, for here were skeletons, skulls, and bones galore, as well as parts of dead human bodies, of recent victims, but the monster had not returned to its lair, so Miller and his posse lay in wait for it, all trembling in their boots. Presently the earth swayed and trembled as if another San Francisco earthquake were taking place; the waters of the lake began to splash and roar with a noise like the movement of ocean waves, and they felt that the monster approached. When it came in

reach of their guns all hands fired and killed it. But it died hard, lashed down a couple of trees on the banks, and killed one of the assailants before it breathed its last.

This animal, it was stated, was about twenty feet long, had a ponderous head, with two enormous tusks. Its legs were short, terminating in web feet, similar to those of a duck, only much larger; but each toe had vicious claws. The body was covered with scales, green in color, and its back bristled with short horns. Its tail was thin and long, and was provided with a sharp, bladelike formation at the end, which it used as a sickle.

It was declared that this animal was a pachyderm (its discoverer was a "peacherina"), and a combination of the hyænidæ and rhinocerotidæ; that it had incisor and canine teeth, which apparently showed its relationship to the ceratorhinus genus, long since supposed to have disappeared from the earth.

The bones, it was stated, were to be sent to the Smithsonian Institution, but, strange to say, they have never reached there.

It was a great fake, having, I suppose, no foundation whatever in fact.

Elbert Smithee is not only a brilliant writer, but he has a wonderful imagination, and he would make a great novelist.

THE EVENING DEMAGOGUE AND MORNIN' GAZOOT.

A few years ago there was an old, half-blind darkey, named Ben Suggs, who sold papers on the street, the Gazette and Democrat particularly, and he had a very powerful voice and cried the papers as loudly as he could. One evening when he was crying the Evening Democrat, some of the boys told him that he did not pronounce the name right; that it was "Evening Demagogue." He believed them and went down the street shouting at the top of his voice, "Here 's yo' Even' Demagogue, five cents."

The next morning he was hallooing "Mornin' Gazoot—all about nothin'," and I suppose the Democrat boys had put him up to that, in retaliation.

"FORGING AHEAD."

George W. Gunder once wrote up a certain county officer in very complimentary terms for the Gazette, and among other things stated that he was "forging ahead rapidly." He came into the office one day and wanted to lick the man who wrote that item. He said that when some of his constituents read the item it aroused them greatly, and they set about an inquiry; if he was a forger, they said, they would see that he was promptly ousted from the office and sent to jail. They would not have a forger serving them.

MISCELLANEOUS SLIPS.

Typographical errors have caused lots of trouble. A "personal" was handed in to the Gazette office one day, in which it was stated that Mrs. So-and-So had sailed for Germany, and that her friends would be sorry to hear of her departure. When printed, the item read that her many friends would be sorry to hear of her demise.

A national bank statement had been sent to the paper for publication. A reporter was requested to make a local notice of same. He referred complimentarily to the large deposits carried by the bank, etc., and ended the notice by writing that, by a peculiar coincidence, the assets and liabilities columns balanced to a cent, and the notice was so printed, to the consternation of the bank officials. This mistake was made by a man who is now very prominent in Little Rock affairs.

Our foreman one day got the before- and after-taking cuts in an advertising doctor's advertisement mixed. The patient was shown as having a perfect nose before he went to the specialist, and after treatment his nose was represented as being eaten off. It might have been nearer the truth than was intended, but the blunder came near getting the paper into serious trouble.

THE CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gazette maintains correspondents in every town of importance throughout the State, in order

to cover the field. In the smaller places, instead of being paid in cash for their services, they are merely supplied with the paper, which is very good pay indeed for some of them. Most of these correspondents are inexperienced, and some of them care very little about the authenticity of the stuff which they send in. Then, again, many of them are ignorant and will write a half-column about an item which could be treated in a half-dozen lines, while a real important piece of news will be badly slighted. Thus much trouble is made for the news editor.

A man lately sent in by wire to the Gazette an account of a supposed wedding of two prominent young people of a certain city, which had not taken place, and he intended it for a joke on the couple. The item was printed, and it caused consternation for a while. It was a worse joke on the paper than on the young folks. The name of the informant was demanded, he was horsewhipped, I believe, and the paper narrowly escaped a first-class libel suit.

United States Senator James H. Berry sent in, during his race for reëlection, an absolute denial of an item which had appeared in the Gazette two days previously, to the effect that he had, at a hotel in Fort Smith, turned his back on and refused to speak to his opponent in the race for reëlection, Governor Jeff Davis. The item was telegraphed in by a regular correspondent, and the news editor banked on its reliability.

CHAPTER XXV.

Libel Suits—A General Intelligence Bureau.

A NEWSPAPER does not deserve the name until it has experienced the luxury and distinction of defending a few big libel or damage suits. The Gazette has had several such suits brought against it, but has probably never lost one of them. Once, I believe, a man who was charged with a murder sued the paper, through an attorney, for $10,000.00 damages for alleged defamation of character, and it cost about $1,000.00 to defend the suit, but before the case could be decided by the courts it was ended by the man being hanged for the crime of which he pretended to be innocent and which the paper had written up.

Another man sued for $5,000.00 for alleged misrepresentation, but dismissed his suit upon receiving a retraction through the paper.

In a third case the litigant accepted $25.00 in full settlement of a claim for $10,000.00, when in his complaint he averred that the article over which the suit was filed was false in every particular, and that every sentence in it contained an untruth which libeled him and was intended, with malice aforethought, to injure him; that it caused him loss of

time and lack of employment and made him appear ridiculous and contemptible in the sight of good people; that the defendant company had malignantly and purposely pursued him and held him up to scorn and ridicule, without any cause or excuse, and to his detriment in the large sum named; wherefore he prayed judgment against the paper for the said sum, and for all costs in the action at law and other proper relief, etc. And the most of the $25.00 for which this case was compromised doubtless went to the lawyer who brought the suit.

The lawyers are often responsible for the bringing of such frivolous damage suits. In a libel suit the attorney generally gets the client to bring the suit for a large amount, as, if he gets a verdict at all, the jury is liable to reduce the amount awarded in a very material degree, and the lawyer is usually to receive one-half of the amount realized.

The Gazette has ever been conservatively and fairly conducted, and very few people could have a real grievance against it on account of its treatment of them through its columns, but it is sometimes the duty of the journalist to print an item of news that the parties interested would prefer to have suppressed.

The people who would punish their enemies through the vehicle of the newspaper are numerous, and the newspapers receive more dark hints of other people's misdeeds, real or imaginary, than the grand juries do, but often these things come to

the editor's ears or eyes anonymously. Many people do not understand that a newspaper cannot print rumor with impunity.

Almost daily cards are offered to the Gazette for publication reflecting on some one, and in which epithets are employed and of such a nature that the party referred to in them, if published, would have cause for an action for libel. The erroneous idea is prevalent, too, that if a party signs the offensive article and pays for its publication, he alone is responsible for it, and that the paper is blameless and cannot be held for circulating it, overlooking the fact that it is not only the making of the statement, but the circulation of it, or uttering of it, as the attorneys say, which causes the damage.

A GENERAL INTELLIGENCE BUREAU.

A newspaper office is a general intelligence office or information bureau—or, at least, the Gazette office is. Everybody goes there when information is wanted or a dispute is to be settled; and some of the queries fired in by telephone or word of mouth are truly amusing. Here are specimens of common questions:

"What is the baseball score?"

"Is there any premium on a 1894 dollar?"

"What is the weight of Fitzsimmons, the pug?"

"How should the president be addressed?"

"Where 's the fire?"

"What was the vote in the last election?"

"How old was Mary Ann?"

"Who wrote 'Virginius?'"

"Who is the governor of Illinois?"

"On what day of the week did January 1, 1903, fall?"

"What time does the train go to Pine Bluff?"

A General Intelligence Bureau.

Below is a little joke which resulted from the proneness of people to ask questions of the editor:

(Over the telephone) "Is that the editor?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me who won the World's Fair handicap race?"

"Colonial Girl."

"Who was second?"

"Hermis."

"Who ran third?"

"Don't know."

"Don't Know ran third, eh? I didn't know he was entered."

Then there are those who do not think that the province of the newspaper ends with giving the news and answering all sorts of inquisitive questions. Some would use it as a vehicle through which to vent their personal spleens; and, strange to say, everybody cannot agree, by a great deal, as to what the policy of a certain sheet should be on any particular question. One man grumbles because it defends a certain principle, and the next one thinks it is not pronounced enough in the stand it has taken on the same question. One fellow wants to lambast some other one and becomes angry because you cannot allow him to do so. Another thinks the water company, or the gas company, or the street railway company, or perhaps all three, should be roasted, while his neighbor is willing to admit that these public utility companies are serving the people well. These are simply examples of thousands of complaints and criticisms that daily demand the attention of the newspaper man, who is surely supposed, if not always disposed, to help to regulate the universe, but who, like the weather man, cannot do his work to suit everybody.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Relationship of the Business Office to the Editorial Department.

I NOW, with much temerity, take up a subject which has caused many internal and uncivil wars in the print shops of the country.

I have thought sometimes that the relationship which exists between the editorial department and the business office of a newspaper bore some resemblance to the domestic relation of husband and wife. Sometimes the editor "wears the pants," so to speak, and sometimes he does not. I have heard of the editor editing the business manager, and also of the business department managing the editor; but we never had much trouble of this kind in the Gazette office. Of course, little misunderstandings and differences of opinion will inevitably arise between the two departments. One of them may become possessed by the idea that the other is trying to encroach on his rights or to interfere with some of his pre-

NOTE.—A part of the matter appearing in this chapter was used by me in a paper which I read before a meeting of the Arkansas Press Association at Hot Springs, but as nearly all the members and guests left while I was reading it, and few ever read the year book in which it was afterwards published, I presume I may be pardoned for repeating it to the large number of people who will doubtless read this book.

rogatives. The business manager, to make a good, fat advertising contract, may be tempted to place an unsightly ad. in a choice position on a certain page which interferes with a striking four- or five-section head, and then there is trouble in the camp. Again, the editor will go and give some dead-beat a great free write-up of himself or his business, which ought to have been paid for at line rates, and the business manager concludes that the editor isn't "on to" his job.

I have read some high-flown dissertations in the publications devoted to the newspaper interests on the interesting subject of these little newspaper family troubles and conflicts of authority, and, strange to say, the distinguished authors of them usually take the editor's part. They invariably lament the undue (?) power which the corrupt (?) business office exerts over the purer (?) editorial atmosphere, through the patronage which the paper receives by way of the counting room. These pencil-pushers would bar the business manager entirely from the profession of journalism, and place him in the category with mere clerical laborers or commercial "sharpers."

The business manager is commonly supposed to be a cold-blooded, soulless, mercenary wretch, whose only use is to pull "filthy lucre" into the office, and he would not be tolerated at all by the nabobs of the tripod, perhaps, if they could possibly do

without the aforesaid "root of all evil," which is such a necessary wherewithal to grease the wheels of the machinery of the printery. On the other hand, the editor is represented as being above all sordid considerations and as one who sits up nights to write moral essays. All the modern "yellow" journals are said to have been instigated by unprincipled business managers.

There are two sides to this momentous question, and I take the part of the business manager. I am willing to admit that the editor is the "wise-acre," but often the business manager can feel the public pulse much more accurately than can the editor, who deals more in theoretical things. The business manager is constantly circulating around among the people in his efforts to get business. He hears almost every kick and suggestion from all the thousands of people who know better how to run a newspaper than those in charge of it. He usually immediately hears, directly or through the circulation man, when Mr. A. gets huffy and stops his paper because of such-and-such an opinion expressed through the paper, and when Mr. B. gets up on his dignity, and discontinues his advertisement on account of the paper's policy in advocating or fighting so-and-so. And, if all the kickers, voluntary contributors, reformers, schemers, would-be assistant editors, sports who want the latest baseball score, cranks who have come to kill the editor, and other nuisances

who torment newspaper offices, were permitted to get up to the editorial rooms, the editor would never find time to write all of the weighty leaders which seem to be necessary to mold public opinion and regulate the universe. The business office must be polite, attentive and considerate to these and all other callers, and while the business manager is exercising his wits and using up his little stock of gray matter, the editor generally gets the credit for everything, good and bad. As a rule, the uninitiated thinks of no one connected with the shop except the editor. He addresses his letter containing a fifty-cent money order and makes it payable to him, and calls for the self-same editor in person whenever he wants to insert a twenty-five-cent want ad., the pretty girls send bouquets to him and the brides wedding cake, and he is supposed to be the "whole thing," generally. But, as I have already hinted, it is the business manager who has the most trouble and work and who realizes to the fullest extent the amount of work it takes to get out a paper, to say nothing about the financial part of it. Then, when Saturday night rolls around, and "the ghost" is expected to walk, that is what tries men's souls, makes them grayheaded and gives them wrinkled foreheads.

A subscriber called at the office one day and ordered his paper discontinued. When asked why

he stopped it, he said: "Oh, your advertising solicitor is too infernally industrious, and there is no news in the paper." That was a compliment to the business office, but a reflection on the editor, and both suffered on account of the fact that the advertising and news columns were not better balanced, in this man's opinion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Ladies and the Newspaper.

I MUST not forget to pay my respects to the ladies. They are patrons of the Gazette, many of them swear by the paper, figuratively speaking, and this history without some reference to them would be as incomplete as a banquet at which a toast to the fair sex was not proposed, or as a presentation of Hamlet with the melancholy Dane left out. God bless the ladies; they are a source of worry, as well as of pleasure, to the newspaper man. I would not disparage them one iota, as I am a friend to womankind, but some of them occasionally become possessed of the idea that the paper is run for their special and sole benefit.

The ladies, of course, are, naturally, social creatures, and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown count largely on the newspaper to assist in making their social functions successful, by notices announcing the affair beforehand and complimentary mention of same afterward; and the paper wants these items, but woe be unto the poor newspaper man or society editress, or both, if a little tiny error should creep into the write-up. Or, if something has been omitted, it is a very difficult matter to persuade my lady to

believe that it was not an intentional slight. Then the foreman or make-up may have placed the notice in an obscure place in the paper, because it happened to fit in there, or by accident, and thus a deadly offense may have been committed, as if by base design. The telephone may ring and the one who answers the call gets a blessing-out, or the office may only hear of it by chance through the circulation man getting an order to "stop my paper." Sometimes the kick will not be registered at once, but the fair lady will nurse her resentment, and something will come up to cause the base crime to be divulged, and the offender must pay the penalty sooner or later. Some really very amiable women can be quite revengeful in regard to these little matters. "I think the Gazette is right hateful," one will say, and another remarks, "it is real stingy with its old notices," or, "that paper never gets anything right."

Then there is always some worthy charity or "cause that lacks assistance," which the ladies consider it their bounden duty to give attention to, and, although they will expect to pay for the hall, the refreshments, the programs, and everything else connected with a charitable entertainment, except the advertising of it, without which it could hardly be gotten before the public, and would therefore be a failure, they cannot understand why a newspaper will not devote all the space desired to puff such an affair, without charge, to the exclusion of news and

everything else, forgetting that advertising is the chief merchandise in which a paper deals.

Church entertainments, although usually commendable affairs, are the greatest nuisances to the newspaper man that have ever been invented. If you make a charge for the publication of an advertisement of such a paid affair, you are the meanest, most cold-hearted white man alive. You 'd rob your grandmother if you'd do such a thing.

And there are the accomplished lady musician, the charming elocutionist, the aspiring amateur actress, and the talented artist, all of whom would like to have the press sound their praises, and they often adopt the most ingenious methods of gaining the recognition of the pencil-shover. They will smile on him bewitchingly, fawn upon him kindly, appeal to him feelingly, and be sure to make him feel bad if he does not write them up complimentarily, and besides, he is a horrid man if he is hard-hearted enough to fail to respond with the coveted puffery.

Occasionally, however, the newspaper man's heart is made glad by some fair creature, with heavenly ways. A bunch of flowers, or some little dainty, is bestowed upon him, and a little ray of sunshine is thrown across the path of his gloomy life.

I remember one fair creature who visited the office occasionally to pay the subscription of the family and to bring little personal items, her visits always being a source of pleasure.

She flitted into the counting room—
  A vision of loveliness—
And brought with her such youthful bloom
  As banished all demureness.

She left not only impress clear
  Of maiden grace and goodness,
But a paid subscription for a year
  To cure the cashier's sadness.

Call frequently, sweet maiden smart,
  And bring us coin, with sweetness—
Thou mak'st the paper man's poor heart
  To beat with joy and gladness.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Gazette Today.

THE newspaper office will always have a great fascination for me, and I believe this interest in the business is shared by a great many people. The work is not only enticing, but in few other

"'Midst a Storm of the News of the Day."

pursuits are you thrown with so many people in such intimate ways. In a newspaper office you have your fingers on the pulse of the world, as it were. You hear every occurrence, and a vast panorama of events and the acts of mankind passes under your

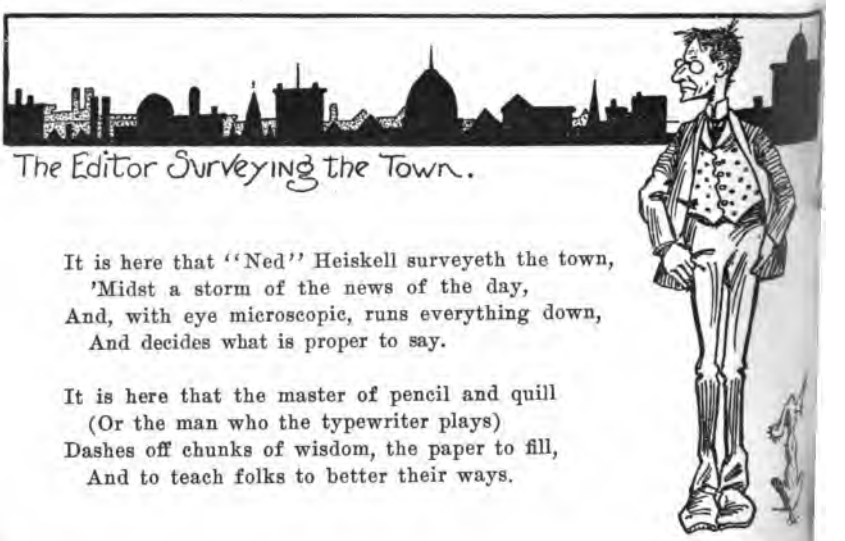
observation. The ambitions and foibles of humanity are exposed to your view continually. You may here learn to read human nature better than anywhere else, through personal contact and on account of having telegraphic and cable communication with the uttermost parts of the earth. You become familiar with the thoughts and feelings of the people of all classes.

The Gazette being a morning paper, night is the time of its greatest activity, and that is when the establishment should be seen to be appreciated. It is then in full operation, and is a most interesting place. The plant is ablaze with electric and gas lights, the machinery is running and everything is in full blast. The visitor may see something like this:

In the business office, advertising, subscription and news-dealer orders are being received and attended to, instructions going to the foreman and the press run being made out.

In the basement, the press, manned for service, is rattling off papers faster than you can count them, folded, ready for delivery. The stereotypers are busy getting ready plates and illustrations for the next edition, their corner being rendered almost as hot as hades by the smoking steam table and the melting pot, full of molten metal. The mailing clerks are preparing the mails, working like beavers to catch the trains.

In the editorial room the reporters are working rapidly grinding out copy on typewriters for the hungry maws of the typesetting machines; the telegraph editor is revising dispatches and writing heads; the city editor is looking over the reporters' work; every minute or two comes in over the long distance and local telephone lines news of various matters; telegraph messenger boys are arriving with special telegrams; the Associated Press operator is receiving the news of the world in cipher code over the paper's leased wire and transmitting it in first-class typewritten copy to the telegraph editor; the society editress sends in a big batch of such chaff as is particularly interesting to the lady reader; the sporting editor and others are engaged in their daily work; the editor-in-chief is composing his leaders.



The Editor Surveying the Town.

It is here that "Ned" Heiskell surveyeth the town,
'Midst a storm of the news of the day,
And, with eye microscopic, runs everything down,
And decides what is proper to say.

It is here that the master of pencil and quill
(Or the man who the typewriter plays)
Dashes off chunks of wisdom, the paper to fill,
And to teach folks to better their ways.

It is surprising how much copy is required to fill up the news columns, even though it is said by some complaining people that the paper is half advertising.

In the composing room, the linotypes, with one operator to each, are turning out as much matter as four or five times as many hand men set in former days; the advertising compositors are busy; the "head" man is putting the big display lines at the top of the articles; the "devil" is making things lively, as usual; the foreman is cutting copy, dishing it out to the printers in a rush and making up forms to send down the elevator to the press room, and copy boys are darting here and there. It is an inspiring, animating and interesting scene.

Soon the carrier boys and the mail and express wagons will report, to begin the distribution of the paper to a waiting constituency, anxious for the latest news, the market reports, weather indications, etc.

The Arkansas Gazette holds a unique position to the State press. It is the newspaper of a State, as well as a city. Its history is the history of the State and territory, having been established seventeen years before the territory was admitted to the Union.

It was established on November 20, 1819, its first publication having been begun by W. E. Woodruff, at Arkansas Post, but in the winter of 1820-21 the plant was brought by wagon through Grand Prairie

to Little Rock. Here the paper has been continuously published ever since, except for a period after September, 1863, when it was suppressed by General Steele, on Little Rock's capture by the Federal troops.

WHEN MERGENTHALER AND GUTENBERG MEET IN THE NEWSPAPER VALHALLA.

The following extract from the Gazette's eighty-seventh anniversary editorial, written by Mr. J. N. Heiskell, no doubt advertises an event further in advance than any other similar affair was ever announced, it having been printed on November 21, 1905, thirteen years ahead of the celebration which is booked to take place:

"We think this an appropriate occasion for urging you, if you are an advertiser, to get your advertisement in early for the One Hundredth Anniversary Edition of the Arkansas Gazette, and if you are a reader only to leave your order with your newsdealer for as many copies as you may want. This edition, which, as the name indicates, will celebrate the fact that the Gazette has completed one century of existence, will be published on the morning of November 20, 1919. It will be one of the greatest editions of a newspaper ever published in this State or elsewhere, and in telling the story of its own life will tell that of the life of Arkansas, for the Gazette was established long before Arkansas was admitted to the Union. Now, please don't come into our business office at 12:00 o'clock on the night of November 19, 1919, with a big advertisement that

you want inserted in a certain position in the One Hundredth Anniversary Edition. It will be such a big affair that it will have to be printed in sections, and the advertisements will have to be in early. Of course you can't afford not to be represented in this edition, for when copies of it reach the typographical Valhalla, Mergenthaler is going to walk around the block for the express purpose of shaking hands with Gutenberg and exchanging felicitations on the development of the art preservative in the State of Arkansas.''

It has been suggested, very appropriately, by Mr. Fred Heiskell, that a reunion of all the ex-employees and ex-owners of the Gazette be held in Little Rock some time. It would doubtless be a very large gathering. At one time the paper published a partial list of all the well-known business men in the city who had in their youth been carriers on the paper. The list contained about two hundred names, and was by no means complete. I have no doubt but that there are several thousand people living who have at one time or another been connected with the paper.

Having become one of the stockholders in the company that publishes the paper on which I worked so long as an employee, I take even more interest in it now than ever before, being able to look at things from the proud standpoint of a proprietor; and as my position affords me an income which guarantees immunity from starvation to the one wife and three sons, which I have luckily accumulated since I joined fortunes with it, I feel that I have no

right to complain of how the paper and the world have served me. Anyway—

Others quite great may come and go,
But not to them I 'll tie,
For I have vowed, dear old Gazette,
To love thee till I die.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Conclusion.

IN concluding a story which might profitably have been cut much shorter, I will say that I have given up, long since, all my early hopes of being able to corner the newspaper business, and, as far as that is concerned, have brought myself to be satisfied with my humble position in the ranks of the profession. The burden of my present hopes and aims is for a little more leisure and an occasional change of air and scene. I have scarcely had a vacation in twenty years. When I was young I naturally gravitated toward the city; now I long for the country.

In future years, on some sweet day,
When life's hard work is done,
I hope to taste earth's blessing great,
By earnest effort won—
When life's
Hard work
Is done.

I long to change the click of type
And rumbling of the press

For other sounds and quieter scenes,
With nothing to distress—
When life's
Hard work
Is done.

I would I were a child again,
To wander through the fields,
And gather in my old straw hat
The fruit the orchard yields—
When life's
Hard work
Is done.

I would explore the tangled woods,
In pretty posies' quest,
Just like I did in childhood's days,
Without desire to rest—
When life's
Hard work
Is done.

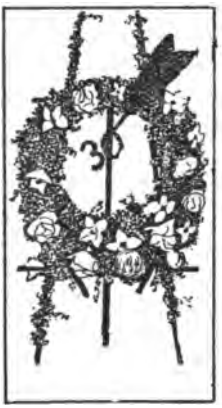
I sigh for time to idly roam
Through shady rural glade,
And to indulge my fickle will
In sunshine and in shade—
When life's
Hard work
Is done.

I wish to listen to the lays
  Of little warbling birds,
And to commune with Nature more,
  As tired I get of human words—
    When life's
      Hard work
        Is done.

I long to take a rod and gun
  And hie me to the woods,
To fish, and hunt, and tramp, and think,
  In quiet neighborhoods—
    When life's
      Hard work
        Is done.

I want to lie on earth's green sward
  And seek the open skies,
To see if God will not remove
  Some mysteries from my eyes—
    When life's
      Hard work
        Is done.

And when I cannot go outside
  The wondrous world to see,

I want to have some good old books
To keep me company—
When life's
Hard work
Is done.

But I 'll still need the day's Gazette,
My wife's and my boys' love
To keep me happy here below
And lead my thoughts above—
When life's
Hard work
Is done.